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M.DCCC.XXXII.

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OLD BOOTY!

A SERIO-COMIC

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P R E F A C E.

THIS Poem owes its origin to the following curious narrative, which I find in various periodical miscellanies, but for the authenticity of which I cannot vouch. The story itself is one familiar to almost every sailor, though there are several versions of it: Some making Old Booty a brewer, others a baker; some fixing his residence at Wapping, others at Portsmouth, and others altering his name altogether. The period of time at which the circumstance took place, differs also very materially in the relations of different narrators. I believe it would not be difficult to find amongst the veterans in Greenwich Hospital, many who would swear as lustily to the truth of this legend, as ever did the veracious Captain Barnaby, or even Mr. Spinks.

W. T. M.

“OLD BOOTY’S GHOST!”

“The following is a remarkable observation which was entered in Captain Spinks’s Journal, accompanied by an account of Mrs. Booty’s trial at the Court of King’s Bench, concerning her husband, a baker in London.

“Tuesday, May the 12th; this day the wind was S.S.W., and a little before four in the afternoon, we anchored in the Manser Road, where lay Captains Bristo, Brian, and Barnaby, all of them bound to Lucera to load.

“Wednesday, May the 13th, we weighed anchor, and in the afternoon I went on board of Captain Barnaby, and about two o’clock we sailed, all of us, for the Isle of Lucera, wind W.S.W. and bitter weather. Thursday the 14th, about two o’clock, we saw the Island, and all came to an anchor in twelve fathoms water; the wind was W.S.W. and on the 15th day of May, we had an observation of Mr. Booty in the following manner:—Captains Bristo, Brian, and Barnaby, went on shore, shooting of Colues on Strombolo; when we had done, we called our men together, and about fourteen minutes after three in the afternoon, to our

great surprise, we saw two men run by us with amazing swiftness. Captain Barnaby says, 'Lord bless me, the foremost man looks like my next door neighbour, old Booty;' but said he did not know the other behind. Booty was dressed in grey clothes, and the one behind him in *black*; we saw them run into the *burning mountain* in the midst of the *flames*! on which we heard a terrible noise, too horrible to be described. Captain Barnaby then desired us to look at our watches, pen the time down in our pocket books, and enter it on the journals, which we accordingly did. When we were laden, we all sailed for England, and arrived at Gravesend on the 6th of October, 1687; Mrs. Barnaby and Mrs. Brian came to congratulate our safe arrival, and after some discourse, Captain Barnaby's wife says, 'my dear, I have got some news to tell you; old Booty is dead.' He swore an oath, and said, 'we all saw him run into Hell!'

"Sometime afterwards, Mrs. Barnaby met with a lady of her acquaintance in London, and told her what her husband had seen concerning Mr. Booty. It came to Mrs. Booty's ears; she arrested Captain Barnaby in 1000*l.* action; he gave bail, and it came to trial at the

Court of King's Bench, where Mr. Booty's clothes were brought into court. The sexton of the parish, and the people that were with him during his illness, swore to the time when he died, and we swore to our journals, and they came within two minutes. Twelve of our men swore that the buttons of his coat were covered with the same grey cloth, and it appeared to be so. The jury asked Mr. Spinks if he knew Mr. Booty in his life time? he said he never saw him till he saw him go by him into the burning mountain. The Judge then said, 'Lord grant I may never see the sight that you have seen; one, two, or three, may be mistaken, but twenty or thirty cannot.' So the widow lost her cause."

N.B. It is now in the records at Westminster, James the Second, 1687.

HERBERT, Chief Justice.

WYTHENS,	}	Justices.
HOLLOWAY,		
AND		
WRIGHT,		

OLD BOOTY.
OR
THE DEVIL AND THE BAKER.

No moon shone in the sullen sky,
Nor gazed one cloud with starry eye,
But all was gloom around ;
Save where Strombolo's burning isle,
Upon the darkness deigned to smile,
And threw, athwart the shrinking wave,
A glare, like that from murderer's glaive,
Showing the fated wretch his grave,
Deep in some desert ground !

No breath was stirring in the air,
But all seem'd stifled terror there ;
No sea bird wing'd its wheeling flight,
But e'en the very waves,
As conscious of the reign of night,
Lay hush'd in Ocean's caves !
It was a calm so deep and dead,
That (gazing round the while with dread)
Each sailor to his shipmate said,
" There'll be a storm anon ! "
And 'twas agreed, to banish sleep,
We on the deck a watch should keep,
Till night and storm were gone !
Our bark lay off that isle of fire,
So near, no sounds however small,
Were murmured by the flames in ire,
But we could hear them all !
And ever as distinct could see,

Lit by the isle's undying light,
Through dimmest day and darkest night,
Whatever there might chance to be !

While in that stagnancy we lay,
To wear our heavy watch away,
We troll'd the catch and slung the bowl,
But drank and sang in vain ;
Uncheer'd the listless moments roll'd,
And ever the more we quaff'd and troll'd,
The keener grew our pain !
We almost wish'd the storm would break,
Our sleeping energies to wake,
Till thus my mates I spake.
" Gather we round, and tell us tales
Of battles fierce and dreadful gales,
Time then will speed with flying sails,
Till morning's dawn we make."

They took my counsel, every man,
And at their call I first began ;

I told a tale right strange,
Of the mysterious ways of fate,
And changes that befall the great,
As well as those of lowly state,

While through the world we range :
And thought I well had play'd my part,
And brac'd my nerves, and steel'd my heart,

To hear what followed after !—

I did not tarry long, for soon
Each jolly heart, companions boon, .

Told marvels, stranger, dafter ;
Of buccaneer and pirate bold,
Sailing through seas of blood for gold :
And Lapland witch, holding by spell
The mighty winds, to give and sell !
Which, when the mariners heard tell,

It check'd each thought of laughter.
Then came dark tales of spectres drear,
That ever, in the hour of fear,
Uprouse them from the yawning deep,
To scare the guilty wight from sleep;
With many a fact, attested well,
Of monsters that in ocean dwell,
Which being only seen at sea,
Landsmen hold fabulous to be :
Of mermaids singing all so sweet,
And looking all so fair,
Which it is dangerous to meet,
For then of storms beware !
Of mermen and the syren crew,
And other prodigies as true !
Of portent dire that fate unveil'd,
And omen that had never fail'd.
What ills were on the vessel pour'd,

That chanc'd to have dead men on board.

What storms that mariner would scare,

Who, when at sea, should rashly dare

To whistle to the wind !

And how, when certain birds appear,

Pilots know rocks or storms are near,

And they must harbour find !

One spake of that dread sloop of sprites,

By wandering seamen seen at nights,

Which sails like lightning by ; *

Another spake of those blue lights,

Which warn when death is nigh ;

While others told of ghastly sights,

Whose hearing seared the eye !

Holding them as gospel true,

Together we still closer drew,

* The Flying Dutchman.

When, on a sudden, all our crew
Were hush'd, for twelve bells rung ;
And from the shore a shriek was heard,
Which never came from beast or bird,
Which palsied every tongue !
As motionless and mute as stone,
We all were in a moment grown,
And gaz'd upon each other ;
When straight another scream was heard,
And that was followed by a third,—
We did not need another.
The first was loud as northern blast,
But it was *silence* to the last !
They sounded agonized and shrill,
As those in terror made
By men, whom ruffians seek to kill,
Imploring life and aid !
Making each seaman's spirit shrink,

For what was each to think ?
'Twas plain that from the shore they came,
That shore, where there was only *flame* !
What heart could hear, nor sink ?
However, the first panic past,
(With British tars fear cannot last)
All eyes were on the island cast.
Fierce glowed its flames, and all was light,
And by that light, with eyes that fain
Would doubt, but could not, 'twas so plain,
We saw a ghastly sight !
Though heaven loured darkly on that isle,
All there was light as is noon's smile
And to the shore we were so near,
He had been blind, who saw not clear
As e'er he saw in day.
Long years have pass'd since that dread night,
Yet still I tremble with affright,

To say what I must say ;
Yea, even now my blood it chills,
To think what horrors we beheld
Upon that isle of burning hills,
Of brimstone pools and sulphur rills,
By living flames impell'd !
But with my mates, in hall of law,
I've sworn on holy sacrament,
To what that fearful night we saw ;
And were I on my death bed bent,
I would not spare again to say
What I *have* said !—But to my lay.

No sooner had we turn'd our eyes
Upon that isle, but with surprise,—
Surprise with horror fraught !
We plainly saw a wretched man,
Upon the burning ground who ran,

Close followed by a griesly troop,
That hunted him with screech and whoop,
And dread forebodings wrought !
No sons of mortal men were they,
So strange their form and their array ;
Dark, gaunt, and airy as the wind,
Which they in speed left far behind,
They skimm'd along, and, to my mind,
Mov'd like to fiendish things !
Feet had they, which, to my surprise,
They us'd not, (if were true mine eyes).
Their motion was a wheel, a stream,
A flickering as of fire light gleam,
Flying as if with wings :—
Defying stop, defying toil,
Meet natives they of such a soil !
Their eyes glar'd fire, their breath was flame,
Their looks could nothing mortal claim,

But mock'd the human eye.
 Oh heaven ! I cried, they're not of us,
 But offspring of foul Succubus,
 By damned Incubii !
 In hands of bone they torches held,
 With which their victim they impell'd,
 To where the fire most fiercely glow'd.
 Right scanty did that victim seem,
 To like the journeying such road ;
 Showing his hate with many a scream,
 At every fiery goad !

He was of very different bearing,
 In form and clothes,
 Unlike to those,
 Who after him were shouting, tearing.
 A tall stiff wight of bulk withal,
 The greatest marvel still of all,

A Quaker's gait and habit wearing ;
Of broad grey cloth his formal suit,
 Square cravat and buckled shoe,
 With the broad brimm'd beaver too
And the white starch'd band to boot :
Great his speed, his travail strong,
Wild his steps, but quick and long,
As if he each nerve was straining,
In the hope of succour gaining ;
 'Twas a feeble hope, pardie !
Now so strange, though, on that isle,
 That tall and ghastly form to see,
Though sorely marvelling the while,
 Strange that form seem'd not to be ;
No ! upon us flash'd a beam
 Of memory all suddenly :
Like morning thought of nightly dream,
 'Twas indistinct and yet 'twas clear,

We knew not well how it could be,
It is as strange to tell as hear ;
On our minds a thought there fell,—
We wist not how, but it seemed there,—
We knew that strange form well !
And as it drew nearer, nearer,
As it nearer, nearer drew,
And our party saw it clearer,
Clearer that conviction grew !
We the knowledge could not smother,
But commun'd it to each other ;
Yet 'twas but by looks we spake,
None that silence dar'd to break,
Terror-tied was every tongue !
Nay, so dread was our surprise,
We almost fear'd to speak with eyes,
And breathless all we hung,
As we were bound on dangerous duty,

Or had seen the death of beauty,
Or heard our own knells rung !

But once more to this fearful man ;
Now in a line with us he ran,
And louder rose his followers' ban,

More fiercely flashed the flame ;
In expectant mood we stood,

Anxious, oh, excessively !
Invoking saint and martyr good,
That for us had shed their blood,

Wondering what we next should see,
When, suddenly, the fearful man !—
Tell the dread tale I scarcely can ;—

Right opposite to us he came,
We saw his face,
The saints have grace,—
With the burning haste of flame,





Upon our tongues there rushed his name !

And all our crew, with one accord,

So instant, that it seemed a word,—

Cried—“ 'Tis OLD BOOTY, 'tis !

Old Booty ! he ! the wicked Quaker !

The foul monopolizing baker !

That form is surely his !

None e'er wore such mortality,

Yes, 'tis Old Booty ! yes, 'tis he !—

He who still would grind the poor ;

Who when their garners all were bare,

And in each face woke famine's glare,

Still scoff'd their wants with miser lore :

Was iron, stone !

To every one,

More hard—more cold, and devilishly,

With looks, that demon's seem'd to be,

Would mock at their extremity,

And basely add to their despair
To swell his vast ungodly store !
Though all around broke famishing cries,
And eating looks from hungry eyes,
And biting words from gnashing tongues,
More keen from undeserved wrongs,—
Would keep his groaning garners fast,
Till mildew ate what Christians should,
And the blessed corn was vermin's food.”
These thoughts all flash'd like lightning, o'er
Minds, that of Booty, long before,
Had lost all thought, all trace ;
We look'd again : too sure 'twas he ;
That form none other wight's could be,
Nor could that well remembered face,
Though seen in such unwonted place.
Dark thoughts we could not now control ;
“ What makes him here from Limehouse Hole !

“ Pardie ! it must be thing of need !

“ Some horrid exigence indeed,

To urge him to such fearful goal,

As couch him with the living coal ;

And who can be the wights that follow,

So swift that run, so loud that hollow ;

Those wights so griesly, lithe and dark,

That through the fire, like smithy spark,

With devious and dazzling flight,

Pass on so brief and light ?

Fast, and more fast, on, on they go,—

Loud, and more loud, their mock and moe ;

Now, now, they make that mountain pyre,

And now, and now, they draw more near.

Our eyeballs ache, our senses sear :

Ave Marie !

Ah ! can it be ?

Great Heavens, it is, see! see! see! see!

Jesu! they're plunging in the fire!

They thread that mouth of ore and flame,

Which looks like that we dare not name,

Making us fearfully admire!

That wretched man he plung'd in first,

And from it, flames more fierce there burst,

And all the rout,

A horrid shout,—

A something between scream and laughter,

Yell'd forth; e'en now I hear that cry,

It seem'd to startle earth and sky,

Announcing they their prize had won,

Their devilish business they had done;

Then, strangely slipping from the eye,

With sudden glee, all, one by one,

They followed after!

We heard no more! we saw no more!





Nor was there need, the scene was o'er !

 This last dread sight,

 O'erpowered us, quite,

And, on the deck, in deadly swoon,

The stoutest of us there fell down,

 As we but children were ;

 How long we lay,

 T'were hard to say ;

I was the last that lost my sense,

As store have told, since sailing thence.

The tale may void of truth appear,

But this I will not shrink to swear,

There lay we, all as stiff and still,

As powerless of thought and will,

 As though we dead men were !

While thus enwrapped in deadly stound,

 Moments, minutes, pass'd away,

The hours fled on,—a night, a day,—
Before we motion found ;
And when we woke again to life,
Such was reviving nature's strife,
So keen the throe, so deep the sigh,
More pain it seem'd than 't'were to die !
But forc'd by dint of breathing, seeing,
To feel the consciousness of being,
Upon each other did we stare,
As we each had spectres been ;
And still we on that isle did glare,
Remembering what we there had seen,
And fearing it again might be :
But no word,
From one was heard,
'T'would seem we had lost reason's powers.

The several duties that were ours,

Like to clock-work things we did,
 Unconsciously, uncheer'd, unbid;—
 Watch on watch pass'd ere we spake,
 All that stupor fear'd to break.

Silently we mov'd about
 Scarce conversing e'en by sign,
 Yet each man his log made out,
 That his being none might doubt,
 I for that, at least kept mine.
 Till, at length, ('twas o'er the can,)
 Some to whisper low began,

But all and each,
 Breath'd but such speech,
 As "horrible ! oh horrible !
 What we've seen here who dare tell !"
 And ever and anon, there ran
 Such phrase as this, " Oh fearful man !
 Saints save us from the powers of hell !"

It seem'd these words, though, broke the charm.

Recovering our first dread alarm,

We 'gan to commune on the act,

And argue if indeed 'twere fact,

Or but some phantasy or dream !

And very soon we all agreed,

However wondrous it might seem,

It was a veritable deed,

And true as is our holy creed !

Then, thinking that those Christian wights,

Wherever we might chance to range,

As sailor still in tale delights,

Might scant be of belief,

We held it good to certify,

Beyond bare word,

By sign'd record,

Of matter full, though brief,

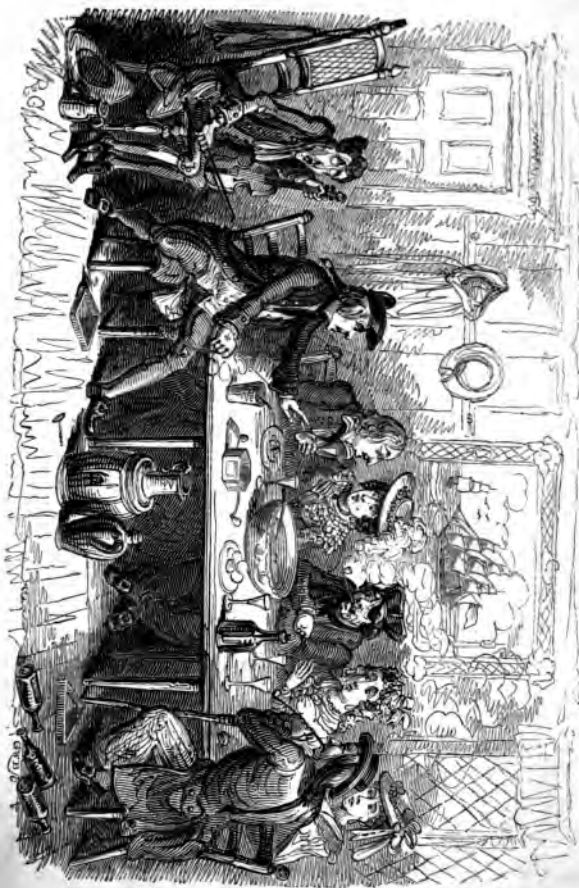
Attesting well,

What us befel,
 And had been seen by every eye !
 Therefore, with favour of our chief,
 To this intent, in our log book,
 We minutes took,
 Of every thing, from first to last,
 Which on that fatal isle had past.

An ink-horn man—our Captain's clerk,
 Who had in writing wond'rous power—
 Penn'd down the deed, the place, the hour,
 The longitude, the latitude,
 (Commanding well our gratitude,)
 To which each man subscribed his mark !
 “ May fifteen, off the Manser Road,
 Bound to Lucera's Isle, to load,
 Anchor'd in twelve fathom water,
 Wind,—right in the south-west quarter,

Present, Captains Bristo, Bryan,
And Spinks, men all can well rely on."
Now homewards from that isle of flame,
We turn'd our bark athwart the foam ;
Gladly to that isle we came,
But left it gladlier far for home !

Soon England's white cliffs cheer'd our eyes
Blessing then the favouring gale,
We furl'd in port our weary sail,
And each unto the hostel hies !
Where, seated o'er the flowing glass,
With fiddler blithe and buxom lass,
We pour'd in marvelling ears the tale :
When, to our horror and surprise,
We heard,—it made our senses quail,
Our eye-balls start, our cheeks grow pale,—
Old Booty rendered up his soul,





In his own house at Limehouse Hole,

To death's grim power,

The very hour,

We saw him in the fiery coal !

Where distant billows roll.

They doubted us, we doubted them,

Each did each alike condemn ;

Our worthy Captain Barnaby

(A bluff but honest soul was he)

Exclaim'd, when Booty's death was nam'd,

To those who chanced the tale to tell,—

“ Avast there, mate ! what's that you say ?

Old Booty died in bed ?—belay !

By G—d we saw him go to hell !

Aye, and upon that very day,

And all my crew—they know it well ;

So luff there with your death-bed scenes,

And tell that tale to the *Marines*,—

Those lubbers may perhaps receive it,
But sailors never will believe it."

I know not how he could be blam'd,—
But certainly, as it appears,
The story reach'd the widow's ears,
And, (though she'd not shed many tears,)
Because our Captain thus exclaim'd,
She thought she injury sustain'd.
So straightway she an action brought,
By which large damages she sought,
For libel on the memory
Of her dead spouse ! 'twas wrong d'ye see,
As thought our Captain.—What did he ?
He let no jot his spirits fail,
But to her action rendered bail,
And left the big wigs to decide.
'Twas in Banco Regis tried ;

Chief Justice Herbert heard the cause,
With Withens, Holloway and Wright,
And counsel learned in the laws.

The Court, be sure, was crowded quite :

After detailing the report,

Old Booty's clothes were brought in court ;

The sexton of the parish then,

With half a dozen other men, —

Some who had been at his bed-side, —

Swore to the moment Booty died ;

Of course confoundedly they lied,

As we all proved on our side.

Our crew, full thirty hands or more,

Luff up unto our journals swore ;

When it was found on calculation

That not two minutes' variation

Ensued 'twixt their and our narration.

The jury all were at a stand ;
The lubbers never had left land !—
Perhaps one half of them were brib'd !
But when twelve of our men describ'd
The very buttons he had on,—
Grey cloth !—it staggered every one !
The judge he lifted up his hand,



And said, " Lord grant I ne'er may see,
 The horrid sight that you have seen !
 One, or two, or haply three,
 Mistaken may by chance have been,
 For error is our mortal lot ;
 But twenty, thirty men, cannot !
 Placed the first here in command,
 Tis fit that you should understand,
 We must decide as bid the laws :
 The widow she hath lost her cause."

Of course well pleased we left the Court ;
 This verdict silenced each report.

Yet still, e'en to this very day,
 There are not wanting some that say,
 (May the swabs live upon salt junk)
 That all we noted in our log,
 Was but the visions of our grog,

And that the night old Booty died,
And we his ghost so strangely spied,
The crew and I were *dead*—dead drunk !
A likely thing ! if any one
Can credit such a tale—I've done !



FINIS.





Stanza Lxxx.

THE
MARCH OF INTELLECT,
A
COMIC POEM.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF, ESQ.



LONDON:
WILLIAM KIDD, 6, OLD BOND STREET;
CHARLES TILT, 86, FLEET STREET.
MDCCCXXX.

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THE
MARCH OF INTELLECT,
A COMIC POEM.

I.

OH Intellect! thou wondrous power!
Let me, in manner arch,
Diversify a weary hour,
And versify thy march.

II.

Thy march, that has such wonders done,
- And made such striding shoots,
That it would seem thou hadst put on
The Ogre's seven leagued boots!

III.

And come, Tom Hood, thou man of pun,
On *merry-thoughts* still lunching,
Quaffing huge *draughts of spirits rum*,
From humour's favorite *Pun-cheon*.

IV.

Thou funny lexicographer,
In folly's pastures gleaning,
That can on every word confer,
At will, a *double meaning* !

V.

Ere I my *Pun-ic* war begin,
Impart thy happiest mood ;
For once, let our *two faces* grin,
Oh, Tom ! beneath *one Hood* !

VI.

Gruff Doctor Johnson, dearest Tom,
Ere grim death struck his docket,
Declared, he who could make a pun
Would also pick a pocket !

VII.

And truly thou hast proved it true,
For many a pun thou'st made,
And pick'd the public's pockets too,
All in the way of trade !

VIII.

To wit, with *Whims and Oddities !*
No felony that latter,
For *hanging*—though a *ticklish*—is
We know no *laughing* matter !

IX.

Thy *Hunt*, too, where thou didst run down
The muse, and found her supple !
I'd fain share with thee *half a crown* ;
Then let us hunt in couple !

X.

' Laugh and grow fat,' the adage says,
If that, Tom, is the case,
We must to thee yield tons of praise,
Great fattener of thy race !

XI.

A portion of that fatness give,
Deign my support to be ;
Most lean of all by verse that live,
Oh, let me lean on thee.

XII.

Yes, bid me still as *young* Tom reign,
Thou'lt honor gain therefrom ;
For *gis-uine* spirit thou'lt remain,
Par excellence, Old Tom !

XIII.

I but aspire to copy you,
To catch your manner terse ;
Then let me pen a verse or two,
And be not you a-verse.

XIV.

But to my '*March of Intellect*,'
Which thoughts of you have cross'd,
Should I neglect, folks would suspect
My intellects I'd lost.

XV.

This is, indeed, a wondrous age,
Most rare of all we've had ;
Improvement now is all the rage,
Folks are improving mad.

XVI.

We have had England's olden days,
When fought and bled her sons ;
We too have had her golden days,
These are her *learned* ones.

XVII.

And could our ancestors arise,
Each soon would hide his head ;
Our intellect would so surprise
They'd glad be they were dead.

XVIII.

Its march now travels each highway,
On every plain and green,
In town and country, night and day,
It takes steps to be seen.

XIX.

Short stages now are all cut short,
Too long they've had their day ;
From Paris (all the world they court)
The *OMNIBUS* bears sway.

XX.

Cads now are to *Conducteurs* turn'd,
To intellect they bow ;
St. Giles's Greek by all is spurn'd,
They *parlez Français* now.

XXI.

Inviting you to take a *spell*,
Lest ennui chance to bore,
They put inside, with you to ride,
Scott, Byron, Crabbe, and Moore.

XXII.

Shakspeare and Milton they supply,
That those who run may read ;
A *circulating library*
It may be call'd indeed.

XXIII.

No more of reading by the hour,
We at such limits smile ;
Now intellect has three horse power,
"Tis *reading by the mile*.

XXIV.

Says Mrs. Fubs to Billy Stubbs,
Her grandson, " By what rule
Are these machines call'd Omnibus ?
You must have learnt at school."

XXV.

" Why, grandma, *omni* stands for all,
And *buss*, you know, means *kiss* ;
So great or small we must kiss all,
The meaning not to miss."

XXVI.

" Psha, boy !—you're like your uncle Tom,
You're of the selfsame rank ;
Tell me where Omnibus comes from"—
" It comes, Ma, from the Bank !"

XXVII.

“ Hey! here’s the guard, he jabbers French,
Your larning now boy show;
Put to the blush that giggling wench!
Come, Billy, *parley woo!* ”

XXVIII.

“ You’ve been brought up in mode polite,”
“ Lord, Ma, you’re such a fool!”
“ In my young days, to read and write,
Was all we learnt at school.

XXIX.

“ But you’ve larnt Latin, French, and Greek,
“ So speak to him, boy, do.”
“ Well, Ma! if I in French *must* speak,
Commong gy potty woo? ”

XXX.

“ *Monsieur! Je ne vous comprends pas,*”
“ What does he say, boy? tell.”
“ Why, Ma! I ask’d him how he was,”
And he said, ‘ Pretty well.’ ”



SHARP KITS.



XXXI.

“ Well, *what* a thing is learning ! zounds !
 But I was *sure* you knew :
 I wouldn't grudge a hundred pounds
 If I spoke French like you.”

XXXXII.

Our guards now musical have grown ;
 Key'd bugles and Rossini
 Have made French horns resign their throne,
 Haydn, Mozart, Piccini.

XXXIII.

Di Piacer no peace allows,
Di tanti palpiti
 ‘ Moll in the Wad ’ now bids repose,
 All, Intellect ! through thee.

XXXIV.

Our common carriers, now o'days,
 Deserve no such cognomen,
 Maps of their ways each one displays,
 They're carriers *uncommon*.

XXXV.

So much does intellect increase,
In manner systematic,—
Our *kitchens* smell of classic *Greece*,
Our *garrets* all are *attic*!

XXXVI.

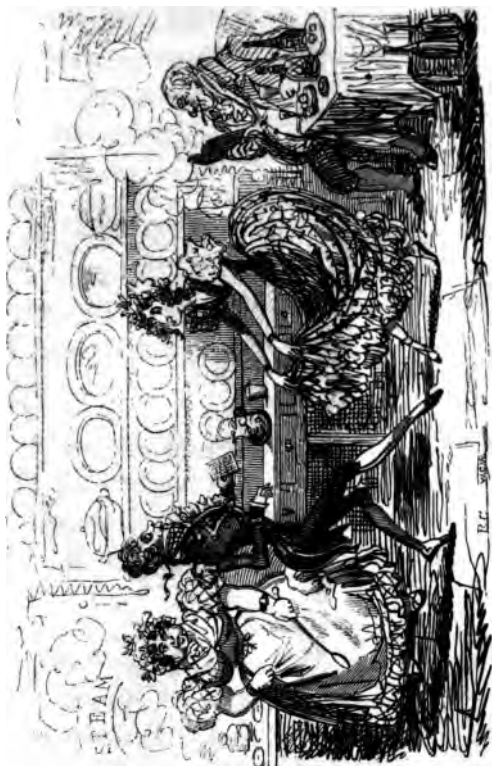
In the *domestic offices*
(For kitchen's vulgar now)
The march of mind steps by degrees,
And reaches *all below*.

XXXVII.

The Cook skims now in science' dream,
Alive to all that passes ;
She her potatoes boils by steam,
And lights her fire by gasses.

XXXVIII.

My lady's maid learns by the card
All Mr. Payne's quadrilles ;—
The *groom* he tries the *gallop hard*,
As powerful mind still wills.



Стансы XXVІІ, XXVІІІ.

XLIII.

Old Mrs. Glass has given place
To Kitchener and Ude ;
To take soup twice is quite disgrace,
To malt with cheese, is rude.

XLIV

Deep skill'd in gastronomic ways
Ude aids the Cook's manœuvres ;
He regulates the *entremets*,
And directs the *hors d'ouvres*.

XLV.

The scullion acts by mental rule,
Soars 'bove her situation,—
Boasts, brought up at the parish school,
A *liberal* education.

XLVI.

What more can intellect *desire*,
Of poets she can prate,
And sighs o'er, as she lights the fire,
The ashes of the *grate*.

XLVII.

Learning's by poverty unchill'd,
Each workhouse is a college,
And paupers, deep in science skill'd,
Prove they're not *poor in knowledge*.

XLVIII.

They sadly sigh o'er former days,
Superior to their station,
Rail at the sums the red book pays,
And seek to save the nation.

XLIX.

Yearning to raise their country higher,
The ministry to stir;
They'd rather go without a fire,
Than Cobbett's Register.

L.

With novels they beguile the hours,
With poems cure the vapours;
Watch warily the parish powers,
And club to read the papers.

LI.

Abuses anxious to reform,
And lop corruption's tree,
They daily at the beadle storm,
The overseer o'ersee.

LII.

They loudly talk of equal rights,
With solemn physiognomy,
And settle in their wards at night,
Political economy.

LIII.

One forc'd at fortune's frown to stoop,
In chemic art well read,
Begins to analyze the soup
And decompose the bread.

LIV.

The baker proves a rogue in grain,
By well-bred persons hated ;
The butcher of the self same vein
His beef *adulterated*.





Stanza LVIII.

LV.

The soup not of the proper strength,
But lowered most unfairly,
(Can speculation go such length !)
Supporting life but barely.

LVI.

Another rails against the bill
For anatomy's addition ;
A skeleton prepare he will,
Direct, of a petition.

LVII.

Cut up like dogs' meat ! no, not he,
'Twould make a martyr rave :
No, *kings* as well may *subjects* be ;
All's equal in the grave.

LVIII.

Words now grow high—reform ! reform !
All's uproar and disquiet ;
The beadle hears the rising storm,
And comes to quell the riot.

LIX.

True member he of the select,
He speaks like a recorder ;
Begg they will church and state respect,
And keep up social order.

LX.

The vestry will the poor maintain,
That they may not grow thinner ;
Their state they will discuss again,
And meet, and have a dinner.

LXI.

The vestry meet—a rate is made
To pay the current quarter ;
The March of Intellect's display'd
In champagne and rose water.

LXII.

Mister Churchwarden in the chair,
Each side the overseers ;
The worthy rector too is there,
The sight his bosom cheers.



STANDARD LITH.



LXIII.

While venison, turtle, game, and fish
Each hungry palate blesses,
They on the table with each dish
Digest the poor's distresses.

LXIV.

" We must allow them some more bread,—
Bring the champagne here, waiter!—
And, that they may be better fed,
The poor rates must be greater.

LXV.

" They can't be starv'd,—mock turtle here,—
Distress with all now grapples,
Each article's so very dear,
Bring, waiter, some pineapples."

LXVI.

Thus in the vestry, intellect
Its rapid march makes known;
Nor stand nor stall does it neglect,
It every where is shown.

LXVII.

Plain speaking dare not show its face,
 All patter metaphorical;
 Each dirty COURT is called a Place,
 In manner *alley-gorical*.

LXVIII.

Masters no more, tyrannical,
 Improvement's course can stop;
 For intellect-mechanical
 Now marches in each *shop*.

LXIX.

For science' honors yearning still,
 Mechanics gladly pay;
 And *operative* learning will
 Securely *work* its way.

LXX.

Mechanics' Institutions
 At each second step we meet;
 And Birkbeck's resolutions
 Stare us in every street.

LXXI.

The *barber* takes you by the nose,
And talks about *nosology* ;
And *Thames Street* warehousemen disclose,
Their art in *crune-iology*.

LXXII.

Last-dying speeches beggars sell,
And prate about *buy-ography* ;
While *journeymen* take walks and well
Improve them in *toe-pography*.

LXXIII.

And *mendicants* and paupers still,
Consistent in their actions,
Break stones upon the *road*, their skill
To show in *vulgar fractions*.

LXXIV.

The milkman who turns *pale* each day,
While studying *astronomy* ;
Calls *pouring* on the *milky way*,
Political economy.

LXXV.

Our waggoners that up-hill go,
Can tell you of *highdraw*-lics ;—
They *taste* the *luxury* of 'woh !'
And drag through lectures prolix.

LXXVI.

Now gardeners *extract* *their* roots
By science, till they've not any ;
And costermongers taste the fruits
(While selling greens) of *Botany*.

LXXVII.

Innkeepers *double entry* learn,
And wisely calculate ;
While carpenters those sawyers spurn,
That *log*-arithms hate.

LXXVIII.

The march of intellect all love,
All wish to have a hand in ;
E'en cobblers labour to improve
The *human understanding*.





LXXIX.

Such is the general thirst of knowledge,
So little is its scarcity;
Soon Tooley Street will have its College,
St. Giles its University.

LXXX.

Now Mister Cobbett all our fellows
Delights to make grammatical;
And *cats'* meat sellers, from their cellars,
Answer most *dog*-mational.

LXXXI.

The press is *pressing* through each street
Its rapid march—if willing,
You now may purchase forty feet
Of knowledge for a shilling!!*

LXXXII.

By *puffs*† our papers rise and fall,
The mighty march of mind
(’Tis plainly evident in all)
Is but to *raise* the *wind*.

* The Atlas Newspaper of March 14, 1829, contained forty feet of printed matter.

† This alludes to a circumstance which took place about two months since in Berners Street :—A newsman was passing through the street on a very windy day, when the whole of his papers, by a violent gust of wind, were carried up into the air.

LXXXIII.

Else would the *Times* be out of joint,
The *Atlas* would decline,
The *Star* would be without a *point*,
The *Sun* would never *shine*.

LXXXIV.

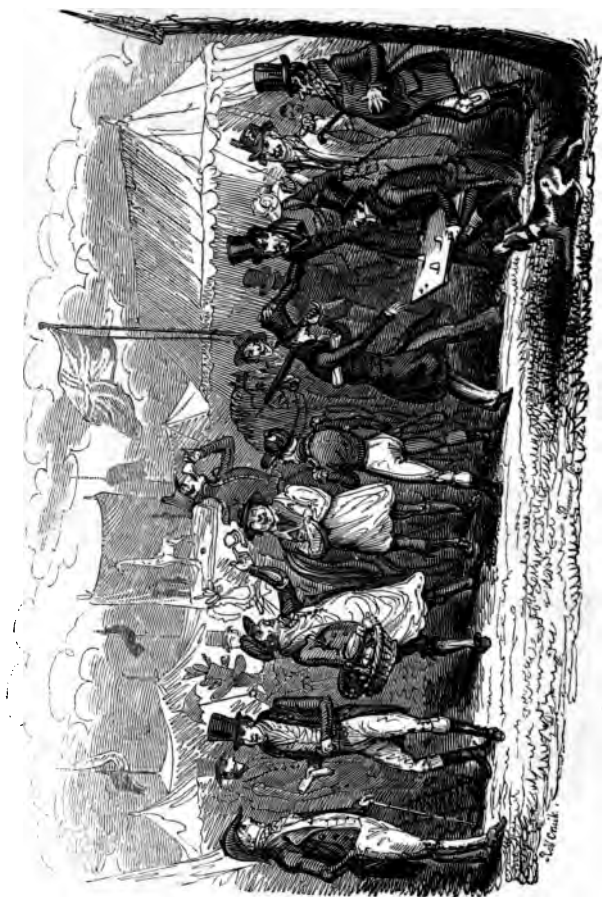
The *Courier* would make no *way*,
No one would *mind* the *Post*,
The *Herald* would no *art display*,
The *Globe* itself be *lost*!

LXXXV.

But now to end this march of mine,
Kind friends, a bard protect,
Nor science with grave scorn decline,
Our *March of Intellect*.







THE
HIGH-METTLED RACER.

BY THE LATE
CHARLES DIBDIN.

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MANY INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE RACE-HORSE.

Illustrated by Ten First-rate Engravings on Wood,

BY G. W. BONNER.

FROM DESIGNS BY ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.



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MDCCCXXXI.

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TO THE READER.



METTLED RACER ; OR, *the Life, Death, and Restoration of the favorite Hunter.*"

RESUMING it would give an additional interest to this little ballad, application has been made to Andrew Ducrow, Esq. for permission to take a sketch, *from life*, of his celebrated Hanoverian horse BRIGAND, who originally performed the principal character in the entertainment called "THE HIGH-

The *restoration* was added by particular desire, many persons regretting that so beautiful an animal should meet with so untimely an end. In the representation on the stage, therefore, recourse was had to enchantment, and from the apparently lifeless body (which sank down through a trap) arose another beautiful animal, richly caparisoned, and surrounded by Fairies.

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER is a true copy from the original, with a single exception—viz. his *tail*, which instead of being, as in the original, a long one, has had some few inches *docked off*.

The publisher takes this opportunity of expressing his thanks to Mr. Ducrow, for his great politeness in not only giving him free access to his stables, but for his personal attention, in seeing that the horses were exhibited in the Circle, and shown in every attitude that could be of service to the artist.

The beautiful order in which the stables are kept, reflects great credit on the management. The names of the different horses are affixed to each stall, and the whole are under the care of Mr. Richard Valler, (formerly postillion to Queen Charlotte), a very civil and obliging gentleman.

Some idea may be formed of the extent of this Establishment, when it is stated that more than ninety horses appeared at one time upon the stage, in the celebrated "Battle of Waterloo."

The anecdotes of Race Horses (at the end of the book) are extracted from a very clever and a very valuable work, entitled "Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Horses," by CAPTAIN THOMAS BROWN, Author of "Authentic Anecdotes of Dogs,"—both of which volumes have been spoken of in terms of the highest praise.

Nov. 28, 1830.

The High-Mettled Racer.

I.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers; the sports
are begun,

The confusion, but hear!—I'll bet you, Sir,—
done, done!

Ten thousand strange murmurs resound far
and near;

Lords, hawkers, and jockeys, assail the tired
ear:—

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III.

Now Renard's turn'd out ; and o'er hedge and
ditch rush,

Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at
his brush ;

They run him at length, and they have him at
bay,

And by scent and by view, cheat a long te-
dious way :—

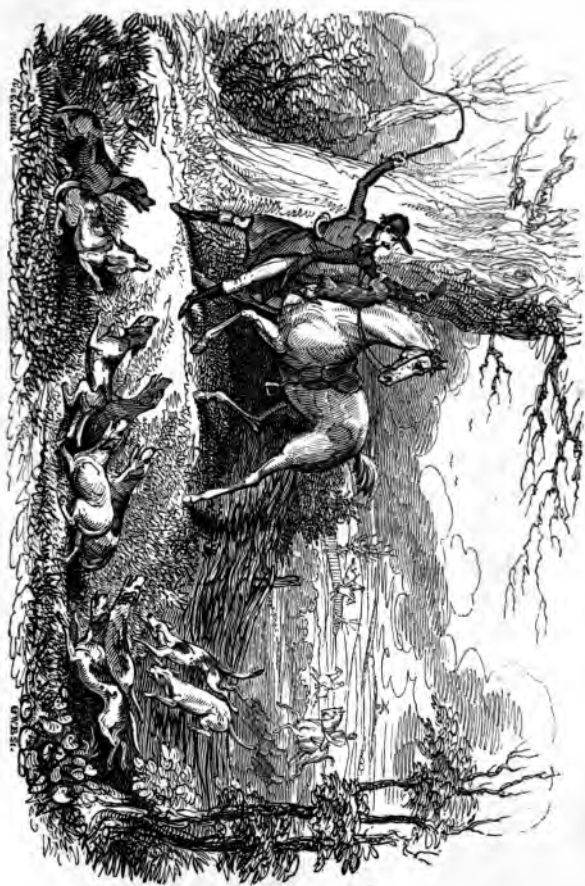
IV.

While, alike born for sports of the field and
the course,

Always sure to come thorough, a staunch and
fleet horse ;—

When fairly run down, the fox yields up his
breath,

The High-Mettled Racer is in at the death.





1

v.

Grown aged, us'd up, and turn'd out of the
stud,

Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet with
some blood ;

While knowing postilions his pedigree trace,

Tell his dam won this sweepstakes, his sire
gain'd that race ;—

VI.

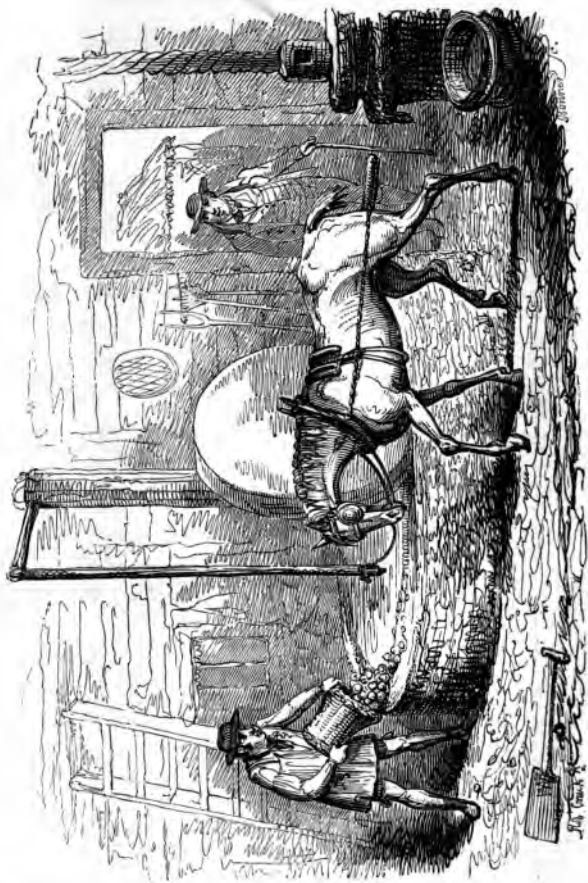
And what matches he won to the ostlers count
o'er,

As they loiter their time at some hedge ale-
house door ;

While the harness sore galls, and the spurs
his sides goad,

The High-Mettled Racer's a hack on the road.





VII.

Till at last having labour'd, drudg'd early
and late,

Bow'd down by degrees, he bends on to his
fate ;

Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a
mill,

Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass
stands still.

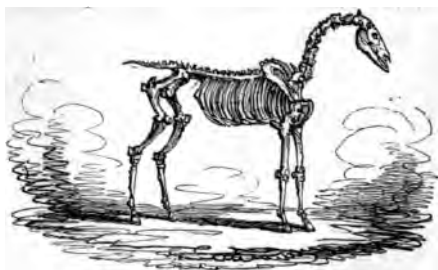
VIII.

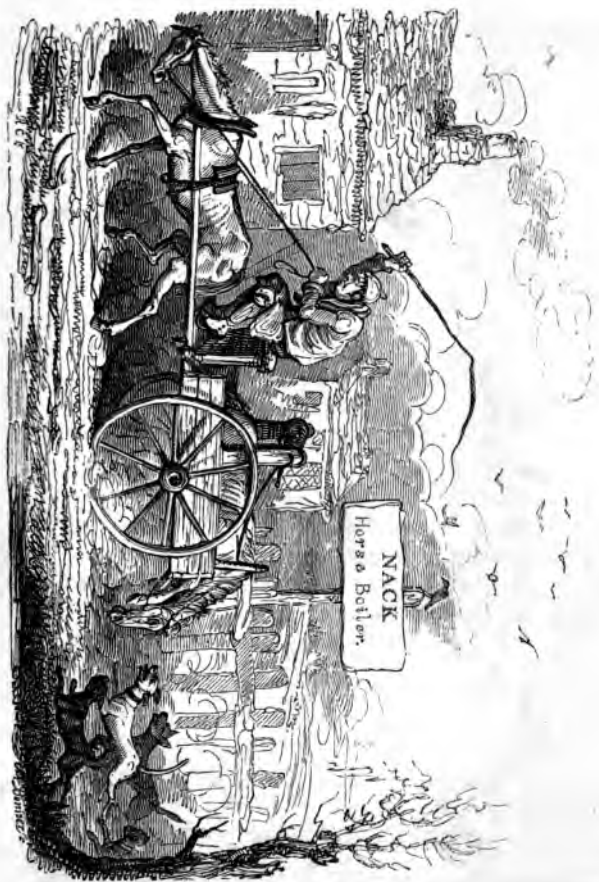
And now, cold and lifeless, expos'd to the
view,

In the very same cart which he yesterday
drew,

While a pitying crowd his sad relics sur-
rounds,

The *High-Mettled Racer* is sold for the
hounds.







THE
FOLLOWING INTERESTING

Anecdotes of the Race-Horse,

ARE EXTRACTED FROM

CAPTAIN THOMAS BROWN'S

"BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF HORSES."

MR. QUIN'S WICKED HORSE.

In the year 1753, Mr. Quin had a famous racer, who entered into the spirit of the course as much as his master. One day, finding his opponent gradually passing him, he seized him by the legs, and both riders were obliged to dismount, in order to separate the infuriated animals, who were engaged with each other in the most deadly conflict: they were got apart with much difficulty.

FORRESTER.

Forrester had won many a hardly contested race; at length over-weighed and over-matched, the rally had commenced. His adversary, who had been waiting behind, was quickly gaining upon him; he reared, and eventually got abreast; they continued so till within the distance. They were parallel; but the strength of For-

rester began to fail him. He made a last desperate plunge; seized his adversary by the jaw to hold him back; and it was with great difficulty he could be forced to quit his hold. Forrester, however, lost the race.

THE FLYING CHILDERS.

This horse was well known by the name of the Flying, or Devonshire, Childers. He was the property of the Duke of Devonshire, and allowed, by sportsmen, to be the fleetest horse that ever was bred in the world. He started repeatedly at Newmarket against the best horses of his time, and was never beaten. He won, in different prizes, to the amount of nearly £20,000, and was afterwards reserved for breeding. The sire of Childers was an Arabian, sent by a gentleman as a present to his brother in England. Childers was somewhat more than fifteen hands in height. He was foaled in 1715, and was the property of Leonard Childers, Esq. of Carr House, near Doncaster, and sold when young to the Duke of Devonshire.

Childers was got by the Darley Arabian; his dam, Betty Leedes, by Old Careless; his grand-dam own sister to Leedes, by Leedes's Arabian; his great-grand-dam by Spanker, out of the Old Morocco mare, Spanker's own dam. The affinities in blood of this pedigree are very close.

It is said that Childers was first used as a hunter, where he evinced high qualities, and was noted for being

very headstrong, as well as vicious. He had not, however, any restiveness. It is supposed his racing career commenced at five or six, and he beat all competitors at whatever distance. He was never tried at running a single mile, but his speed must have been almost a mile in a minute. Carrying nine stone, two pounds, he ran over the round course at Newmarket, which is three miles six furlongs and ninety-three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds. He also ran over the Beacon course, which is four miles one furlong and one hundred and thirty eight yards, in seven minutes and thirty seconds; covering at every bound a space of about twenty-five yards. On one occasion he made a spring or leap, with his rider on his back, on level ground, of twenty-five feet.

Childers died in the Duke of Devonshire's stud in 1741, aged twenty-six years.

MARSK.

Marsk, the brown horse, was foaled in 1750, and so named from the place where he was bred; he was the property of John Hutton, Esq. of Marsk, Yorkshire, who afterwards sold him to the Duke of Cumberland; he was got by Squirt, son of Bartlett's Childers, out of the Raby mare, which was from a daughter of Bay Bolton, and Hutton's Black Legs, Fox Cub, Coneyskins, Hutton's Gray Barb, a daughter of Hutton's Royal Colt, a daughter of Byerley Turk, from a Bustler mare. This is one

of the highest of our pedigrees, going back as far as the reign of Charles I. In the year 1750, the Duke of Cumberland made an exchange of a chesnut Arabian with Mr. Hutton, for the colt, which his Royal Highness afterwards named Marak.

Marak beat Brilliant, so that he must have been an excellent racer ; but he was extremely uncertain. He only ran five times, and these were at Newmarket. As a breeding horse, he was esteemed but as little worth by the Duke, and was, in consequence, sold to a farmer, at the sale of the stud of his Royal Highness at Tattersall's, for a trifling sum. After which, he was bought by Mr. Wildman, as he judged it prudent to be possessed of the sire of such a colt as Eclipse turned out to be, and obtained him from the farmer, for the small sum of £20, who thought himself well rid of a bad bargain. He afterwards became most excellent as a breeder, and his fame will be handed down to the latest posterity. He has been styled the "Prince of Horses." He was the sire of Eclipse, Shark, Pretender, Honest Kitt, Masquerade, Leviathan, Salopian, and Pontac. Shark won £16,067 in matches, &c. beating the best horses of his day whether in point of speed or bottom.

KING HEROD.

King Herod was a bay horse, of about fifteen hands, three inches high ; he was a steed of great substance, length, and power. His figure was uncommonly symme-

trical. He was bred by William Duke of Cumberland, and foaled in 1758. He was got by Tartar, the son of Croft's Partner, who was one of the finest racers, out of Meliora by Fox. Partner was got by Jig, son of the famous Byerley Turk. Cypron, King Herod's dam, was got by Blaze, a son of Flying Childers, and son of Sampson, Scrub, and others, out of Sir William St. Quintin's Selima, a black mare, and true runner, got by the Bethell Arabian, and of the high lineage of Champion, the Darley Arabian, and Old Merlin.

Herod was not brought on the turf till he was five years old. He never ran any where but at Newmarket, Ascot Heath, and York, and on all occasions over the course, or four miles; his *forte* being stoutness or bottom and with physical powers, which enabled him to carry weight. He started five times for thousand-guinea races, and gained three of them. This famous horse has been sire to some of our best racers; and his numerous progeny have unitedly gained a very large sum of money. In nineteen years, from 1771 to 1789, four hundred and ninety-seven of his sons and daughters won, for their proprietors, in plates, matches, and sweepstakes, the sum of £201,505 9s. exclusive of some thousands won between 1774 and 1786. Herod was sire to the celebrated Highflyer, bred by Sir Charles Bunbury. His foals were free from restiveness, with one exception, which was Mr. Vernon's Prince. This horse was sometimes run at Newmarket, and other places, with a prickly

bridle. Herod was sire to the following celebrated race horses:—Anvil, Alexis, Balance, Drone, Evergreen, Frowzel, Fortitude, Guildford, Gleaner, Highflyer, Justice, Il'nuo, Laburnum, Latona, Magnet, Monk, Nebuchadnezzar, Orange, Pontifax, Postmaster, Perve, Phenomenon, Perdita, Spectre, Tuberoze, Telemachus, Weazel, and Woodpecker.

King Herod died at Newmarket, on the 12th May, 1780, aged twenty-one years.

ECLIPSE.

ECLIPSE was allowed to be the fleetest horse that ever ran in England, since the time of Childers. After winning king's plates, and other prizes, to a great amount, he was kept as a stallion, and gained to his owner, for forty mares, the great sum of thirty guineas each.

Eclipse was got by Marsk, a grandson, through Squirt, of Bartlett's Childers, out of Spiletta, by Regulus, son of the Godolphin Barb out of Mother Western, by a son of Snake, full brother to Williams's Squirrel; her dam by Old Montague, grandson by Hautboy, out of a daughter of Brimmer, whose pedigree was not preserved. Eclipse was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, and foaled during the great eclipse of 1764, whence the name given him by the royal duke; at the sale of whose stud he was purchased, a colt, for seventy-five guineas, by Mr. Wildman, the sporting sheep salesman at

Smithfield, who had a good stud, and trained race-horses, at Mickleham, near Epsom. This person had a friend in the service of the duke, who gave him a hint of the superior points in the form of this horse, and he hastened to attend the sale ; but, before his arrival, he had been knocked down at seventy guineas. He, however, instantly appealed to his watch, which he knew to be an exceedingly correct time-piece ; he found that the appointed hour of sale had not yet arrived by a few minutes, according to advertisement. He then firmly persisted that the sale had not been a lawful one, and that the lots knocked down should be again put up, which was accordingly done, and Eclipse was purchased by him for the sum of seventy-five guineas.

For what reason, we have never been able to learn, this celebrated horse was never raced till he was five years of age, at which time he was entered at Epsom for the maiden plate of fifty pounds. At first trial, such were the expectations of the knowing ones, that four to one were betted in his favour. At the second and winning heat of this race, all the five horses were close together at the three-mile-post, when some of the jockeys used their whips. At this time Eclipse was going at an easy gallop, when he took alarm at the crack of the whip, bounded off at his full speed ; and although Oakley, his rider, was a man of powerful arm, he was not to be restrained, and, in consequence, distanced the whole of his competitors.

In the year 1770, Eclipse ran over the course at York, for the subscription purse, against two aged horses then in high repute, Tortoise and Bellario. He took the lead, and the jockey being unable to hold him in, he was fully a distance before the other two horses at the end of the first two miles, and won the race with the greatest ease. At starting, twenty, and, in running, one hundred guineas to one were offered on him.

Before Eclipse ran for the King's Plate at Winchester, in 1769, Mr. O'Kelly purchased the half share of him for six hundred and fifty guineas. He afterwards became his sole proprietor for an additional sum of one thousand guineas. It is said that some of the Bedford family asked O'Kelly, in 1779, how much he would take for Eclipse, when he replied, "By the mass, my Lord, it is not all Bedford level that would purchase him." It is said that, about this period, he asked from another person the modest sum of £25,000 down, and an annuity of £500 a-year on his own life; and the privilege of sending to him annually six mares. Mr. O'Kelly said he had cleared by this horse £25,000, and his statement is supposed to be correct.

Eclipse seemed to combine all the qualities which constitute an excellent racer; his stoutness, form, and action, were excellent; he had a vast stride, and certainly never horse threw his haunches below him with more vigour or effect; and his hind legs were so spread in his gallop, "that a wheelbarrow might have been

driven between them ;" his agility was great, and his speed extraordinary, but we cannot estimate it justly, as no horse of his day could be compared to him. The only contemporary which was supposed at all equal to him was Mr. Shaftoe's famous horse Goldfinder. He was never beaten, and was to have been matched against Eclipse for the king's plates on the following year, but he broke down at Newmarket in the October meeting.

Eclipse won eleven king's plates, in ten of which he carried twelve stone, and in the other ten. It was calculated, that within the course of twenty-three years, three hundred and forty-four winners, the progeny of this animal, produced to their owners the enormous sum of £158,071 12s. sterling, exclusive of various prizes. The prevailing excellence of all this horse's progeny was great speed, and they took up their feet in the gallop with wonderful activity ; they were not generally famed for stoutness, but almost all of them were horses of fine temper, seldom or never betraying restiveness.

The points of Eclipse to which I would particularly direct the attention of the breeder and sportsman are, the curve or setting-on of his head, the shortness of his fore-quarter, the slant, extent, and substance of his shoulders, the length of his waist, and breadth of his loins ; the extent of his quarters, and the length and substance of his thighs and fore-arms. Although he was a powerful horse, he was nevertheless thick in the wind ; and in a sweat or hard exercise, he was heard to

blow at a considerable distance. This famous horse died on the 27th February, 1789, at Canons, aged 26 years. His heart was taken out, and it weighed 14 lbs.

MR. GIRDWOOD'S HORSE.

1750, September 1st. There was a race at Epsom between Mr. Girdwood's horse Crop, and a roan horse of Mr. Harris's. Crop was to go one hundred miles before the roan went eighty; the match was for one hundred guineas. They started about half-past six in the morning. Crop ran ten times round the course, which is twenty miles, in about an hour and a minute, and going round the eleventh time was almost knocked up. The other horse was also so tired as not to be able to make even a trot, so that they walked the course with their riders on their backs, people going before them with a bowl of oats and a lock of hay to entice them on; and by the time Mr. Harrison's horse had gone eighty miles, Crop had gone ninety-four, so that he lost by six miles. Crop was sold immediately after this race for five guineas to Mr. Skinner, who kept him till he died, which was eight years, during which time he won Mr. Skinner £500 in different matches.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.

On the 15th of August, 1792, to decide a wager of

£50 between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Brewer of Stamford, the latter gentleman's horse Labourer, ran twenty times round the race ground (exactly a mile) at Preston, in fifty-four minutes.

HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

In the first week of December, 1825, a blood mare, fifteen hands one inch high, with the rider, who stood five feet three inches high, belonging to J. Wright, Esq. was frightened, and ran away, full speed, from the Sand-hills into Parliament Street, and, in the attempt to guide her towards the forest, a cart being in the way, the animal dashed into the passage of the Peach-Tree public house, the entrance door to which is six feet eight inches high, and two feet eight inches wide, the passage is eighteen feet long, and three feet ten inches wide, and in it were three barrels, three feet high, and other brewing vessels, which the mare leaped over; and across the centre of it, a beam eight feet from the floor; and in front, twelve feet from the last door, is the wall of a court to the left, twenty feet long, so full of brewing utensils, &c. that the mare had just room to stand between them; yet, strange to tell, the animal did not fall, or receive the slightest injury, or do the least damage of any kind. The rider sat till the mare stopped; he was only very slightly grazed on the back of the head, and on one knee, which, all the circumstances considered, is one of

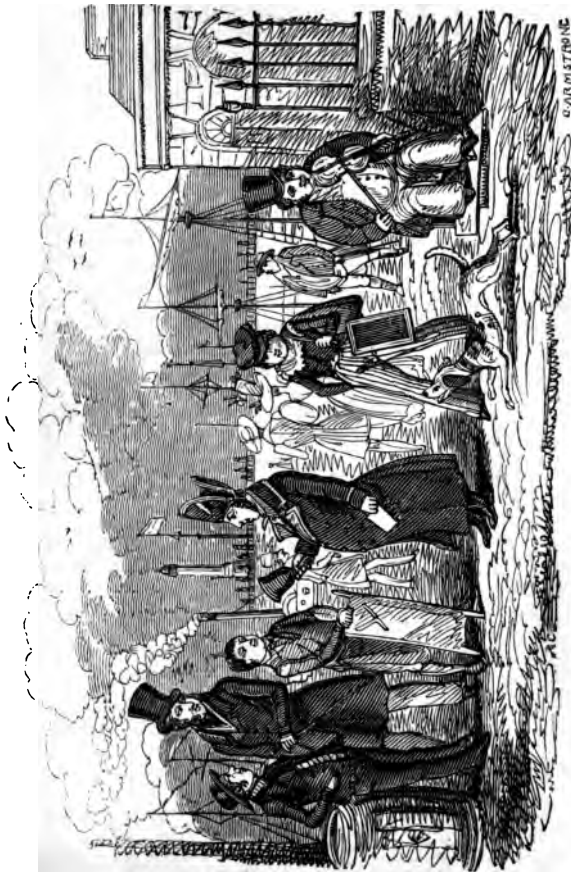
the most extraordinary feats and hair-breadth escapes ever recorded.

MR. ASTLEY'S BARB.

Mr. Astley, junior, of the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, once had in his possession, a remarkably fine Barbary horse, forty-three years of age, which was presented to him by the Duke of Leeds. This celebrated animal, for a number of years, officiated in the character of a waiter, in the course of the performances at the Amphitheatre, and at various other theatres in the United Kingdom. At the request of his master, he has been seen to bring into the riding school, a tea table and its appendages, which feat has been followed up by fetching a chair, or stool, or what else soever might be wanted. His achievements generally terminated by taking a kettle of boiling water from a fire, which blazed considerably, to the wonder and admiration of every beholder.







Stanžas xxi. xxiii.

MARGATE:

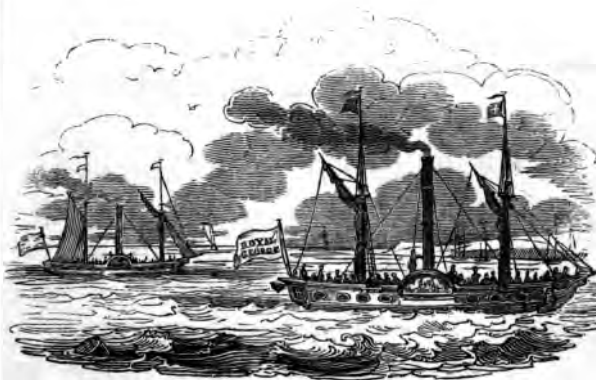
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M.DCCC.XXXI.

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MARGATE.

A Humorous Poem.



I.

THE age of poetry is gone,
Where chivalry went before ;
Scott's ' Roderick ' now is not a ' *Don* ,'
And *Hogg* is deemed a *bore* .

II.

Though Campbell's ' Hope ' yet struggles hard,
It is less sanguine grown ;
And Samuel Rogers is the bard
Of ' Memory , ' alone .

III.

Coleridge is ' auncient '—Wordsworth's head,
The *Head* of all the *Lakers* ,
Brings forth its foolscap bantlings dead,
And finds no *undertakers* !

IV.

Moore's ' love , ' and ' dove , ' and ' kiss , ' and ' bliss , '
And ' eye ' and ' sky ' are o'er ;
Since Mrs. Moore is not a Miss ,
He sings *amiss* no more .

V.

Of Milman's Jewish 'Fall,' reviews
Were wont with praise to ring ;
His later *fall* among 'the Jews,'
Is quite a different thing.

VI.

Although Montgomery writes no worse,
His 'World' is down Time's maw ;
'Kehama's' deem'd a horrid 'curse,'
And *Crabbe* has lost *éclat*.

VII.

And to the age of giaours and bowers,
Of sonnet-scribbled paper,
Of rhyme, and chime, that late was our's,
Succeeds the age of vapour.

VIII.

The Seasons have grown dull, the sun
Rarely the gloom disperses ;
The sky is *blank* and over-dun,
Like some of Thomson's verses.

IX.

Whence rain? from cloud—whence cloud? from smoke,—
Whence smoke? from joint Stock schemers,—
Cigars by which we daily choke,
But most of all from *Steamers*.

X.

Ergo, *they* spoil wheat, barley, hay!
Farmers, the question try,—
Actions for damages might pay,
They would be sure to *lie*!

XI.

Aboard for Margate! what a crowd!
What squeezing, squealing, croaking!
What swearing, jarring! what a cloud,
From fops and chimnies smoking!

XII.

“ I like not this whiz—shock—shock—shock,
Nor care how soon one lands,”
Says one “ from this here floating clock,
With half a *score of hands*.”

XIII.

“ And should the boiler burst! oh dear !
’Tis a presumptuous fashion,
These iron bowels, much I fear,
Are not those of compassion.

XIV.

“ Hail Limehouse—Deptford—Greenwich Reach,
And many Reaches more ;
I dread, I own, too much for speech,
The *retch* below the Nore.

XV.

“ Just as you’ve taken lunch—ah me !
Ah, all whom it concerns,
It is an awful sight to see,
Those frequent sick *returns*!

XVI.

The Gibbets, lo ! the dead men—where ?
That dangled late in view !
Dropp’d, for the second time, and there
Let gibbeting drop too.



Stanza xv.



XVII.

No traces of their bones there are,
Nor of their dress a stitch ;
How shocking that a British *tar*,
Should come to such a *pitch* !

XVIII.

On, on we speed, with wind and tide,
Yonder are the three mills ;
Captain you'll soon, so swift we glide,
Get rid of all your *ills*.

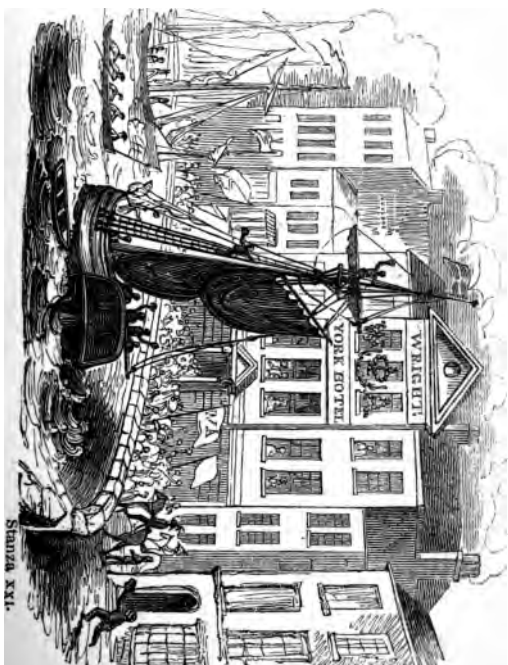
XIX.

What crowds ! like swarming bees they perch,
This must be Margate Pier,—
That must be Margate's New Stone Church,
Yet we have *broad-stares* here !

XX.

Ladies, your journey's end's at hand,
I'm grieved upon my word,
To tell you,—you can only land
By going *over-board*.





XXI.

See how folks crowd to far fam'd Wright!
The reason why, I'll tell ;
Because he strives with all his might,
To use his patrons well.

XXII.

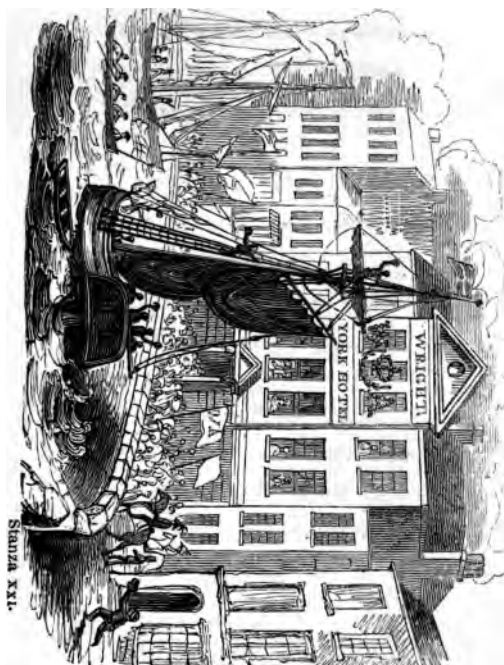
' Ring, ding, ding, dong ! oh yes ! oh yes !'
Old *Philpot*, I declare,
A boosey little man I guess,
With quite an *empt-pot* air.

XXIII.

Near him sits ' Margate Orpheus,' lame,
The breeze his grey locks fanning ;
Like other Minstrels I could name,
His *feet* will not bear *scanning*.

XXIV.

Who know the town, the crier know,
More years than I can tell
Has he worn lace—never was *beau*
More constant to his *bell*.



STANZA XXI.



XXV.

'He is so dry,' the people say,
 ' Perhaps from north to south
None dryer'—be that as it may,
 His driest part's his mouth ;

XXVI.

And that's on one side of his face!
 Kind Nature! to provide
He ne'er his *calling* should disgrace,
 But take his drink *aside*.

XXVII.

He cries ! but folks along this shore
 Too callous are by half,
For still the more he *cries*, the more
 The brutal people *laugh* !

XXVIII.

Well his is but a sorry trade,
 Thus crying for us all,
Continually—I hope he's paid—
 ' Oh yes !' I hear him bawl.

XXIX.

' When I should weep in sight of men,
I cannot, if I try ;
But was I paid for crying, then
By Jove how I would cry.'

XXX.

Ye cliffs! I find a rugged walk
Beneath ye, giants hoar !
My coat with twenty marks of chalk
Looks like a milkman's score.

XXXI.

What cutlass'd watchers hem the spray,
Half seaman and half lubber !
Of the *preventive* service they,
Like Limner L—ng the rubber,

XXXII.

Who takes the *shortest* way to save
From ills that *might* assail,
Procuring us, within the grave,
Exemption from all ail

XXXIII.

His knowledge is just like his cure,
The same, or great or small
The malady, or none, be sure
He *undertakes* them all!

XXXIV.

The subject of that inquest's 'sore,'
But he deserves a scrub,
Will he gain what he did before,
By rubbing? 'there's the rub!'

XXXV.

His *dyes*, while brother of the brush,
Were such as men allow,
His figures were so-so; but hush!
He makes worse *figures* now!*

XXXVI.

Did Somerset-House pronounce his doom,
That (canvas left for woman)
He form'd an exhibition-room,
Where all the *frames* are human:

* Since the above was written, this miscreant has been again found guilty of manslaughter, and a warrant granted by the Coroner for his apprehension, but he has wisely kept out of the way.

XXXVII.

Fools minine will ne'er be taught,
And ladies, fat and slim,
Declare that, while they have a groat,
They will *turn back* to him.

XXXVIII.

Well, Malthus, let them thin the race,
Warnings are lost on some,
They'll soon appear in a '*Long Case*,'
And go to their long home !

XXXIX.

Night's shades o'er fading daylight sweep,
As o'er the pallid wretch
Obstruction's blackening shadows creep,
Who's handled by Jack Ketch !

XL.

There is a simile ! I should bang,
If I so chose to do,
Smith, Duke, King, Sprat, and all their gang,
And stern old Hopkins too.





Stanza xli.

XLI.

'Tis night—to Bettison's if you choose !
Songs are sung there—dice thrown ;
Go not—some syrens *notes* you lose,
Go and you lose your own.

XLII.

Or if a squeeze be to your mind,
The High-Street is your path ;
Jamm'd in some bathing house you'll find,
A social *Vapour* bath.

XLIII.

Where listen the dense, fleshy mass,
To Beale's or Philpot's lays ;
Or Mrs. Hubbard's—not alas !
She of my nursery days.

XLIV.

You'll hear some ruddy dowager swear,
That she for love will die ;
A youth of eighteen stone declare,
He'd ' be a butterfly.'

XLV.

Some whisker'd '*fair*,' with blustering air,
Bids his page 'go and play ;'
A *maiden's* heart is breaking there,
'For love of Alice Gray.'

XLVI.

But better in these rooms you'll see,
And nose to nose may meet,
The Aldgate aristocracy—
The fashion of Fleet Street ;—

XLVII.

And follow if you're so inclined,
On Pope's poetic plan,
'The proper study of mankind,'
That silly biped—'man.'

XLVIII.

You, Sir, have Abernethy's ail !
'Page 72,' go scan it ;
Your face, indeed, is monstrous pale,
'*Twas* right to come to Thanet.



Stanza XLIV.



XLIX.

That old maid talks to prove to you,
She's learned and well bred ;
'Tis plain she's only not deep *blue*,
Because she's not deep *read*.

L.

Yonder is one who lives for food,
And deems (the hungry sinner,)
That there is not an earthly good,
Like appetite for dinner.

LI.

For health, digestion, labours he,
Now here, now there, he bustles—
Now walks—now bathes—he finds the sea,
Is so good for the *muscles*.

LII.

Play on him, ye salt breezes, play,
Relish his beef and port !
He seeks ye, scaling every day,
Not feebly—Margate's fort.

LIII.

You, Sir, as Lambert fat, tho' strong,
Must not seek to go there too,
You'll find that steep ascent among,
' The *ills* that *flesh* is heir to !'

LIV.

Yonder is one who seems (and I
Would swear appearance true)
A mirror framed by villainy,
Wherein herself to view !

LV.

Never did manly blood and pure,
In that base bosom flow—
He must be Newgate Ikey sure,
Or else Sir H—ds—n L—we !

LVI.

Of earthly bodies, on this floor,
In this same Margate, I
Mark a conjuncture, boding more
Than any in the sky.



Stanza LIII.



LVII.

A certain stationer there I see,
With visage round and merry ;
Where good things are, there too is he,
Till they're gone—*stationary* !

LVIII.

There's one, whom men a printer call,
Who all his life has laugh'd ;
I wish he was a *type* of all
Who are of the same craft.

LIX.

No *press* of cares from him draws tears,
Study makes him no slimmer ;
He has left school these many years,
But uses still his *primer* ! *

LX.

Ye Chambermaids ! the Muse intreats
Your care where'er he roam ;
He is not partial to *damp sheets*,
When he is from his home.

* One of the more common kinds of type.

LXI.

The third, though thinner by a mile,
(For less of fat he hath)
Is a Goliah mercantile,
And *publishes* in Gath.

LXII.

He sells such *lots* of books! they're gone
Almost as soon as made!
I'll tell you why—because he's on
The cheap side of the trade.

LXIII.

Look to them, S * * * * t, you're a goose,
And proper zeal you lack,
If you leave such a *press-gang* loose,
Thou British Polignac!

LXIV.

I've often thought by air and phiz,
You may guess people's trades;
If so, that ghostly lean man is
One of the knaves of spades;—





Stanza LXVI.

LXV.

Sheds patent tears, like Chancellor Doubt,
By black *suits* gains his pelf ;
Alas ! how much one must lay out,
When one's *laid out* one's self !

LXVI.

MINSTER's a pretty place enough !
RANELAGH's pretty too ;
At breakfast how the Cocknies stuff,
What mountains they gnaw through !

LXVII.

With eyes so meek, such gentle smiles,
They gorge so, every one,
A savage of the *Sandwich* Isles,
Would own himself outdone.

LXVIII.

The Theatre must surely pay,
Macready's *gain's* a test ;
His *Benefit*, the papers say,
Brought sixty shillings just !

LXIX.

Quite different from where he had been,
And play'd, in days of yore,
The *Company* behind the scene
Out-number'd that before,

LXX.

He never work'd for such a *price*,
So, cursing the dull age,
He *pack'd* his *boxes* in a trice,
And sought the London *Stage* !

LXXI.

Fiddlers strike up, for wages *strike* !
Ladies, exert your skill !
Nothing displays your figures like
The figures of quadrille !

LXXII.

Perchance, with matrimony fraught,
May prove your breathless glow ;
The fire of love is often wrought,
By friction of the toe !

LXXIII.

I'm old—and find quadrilles are bad,
Making me hot as Etna ;
Waltz is *too* bad and “ *Gallopade* ”
Too often tends to Gretna !

LXXIV.

How oft have parents' hopes been cross'd
By one (in their old days,)
Who in a maze of dancing lost,
Has left them in *amaze*.

LXXV.

ST. PETER'S.—MINSTER, Shady Grove,
(I state the matter civilly)
Although your several charms we love,
Ye all must yield to Tivoli !

LXXVI.

Some gala night, good reader, try,—
The distance, charge are small—
'Tis what Vauxhall *was* years gone by,
While it remained Vauxhall !

LXXVII.

'Neath laymen's feet, the *lawn* doth lie,
Trode by a well fed crew,
And green groves gladden every *eye*,
With lamps of every *hue* :

LXXVIII.

But we can match these bulky wights,
And beat those lamps to shivers,
In Town,—where we have famous *lights*
And plenty of good *livers* !

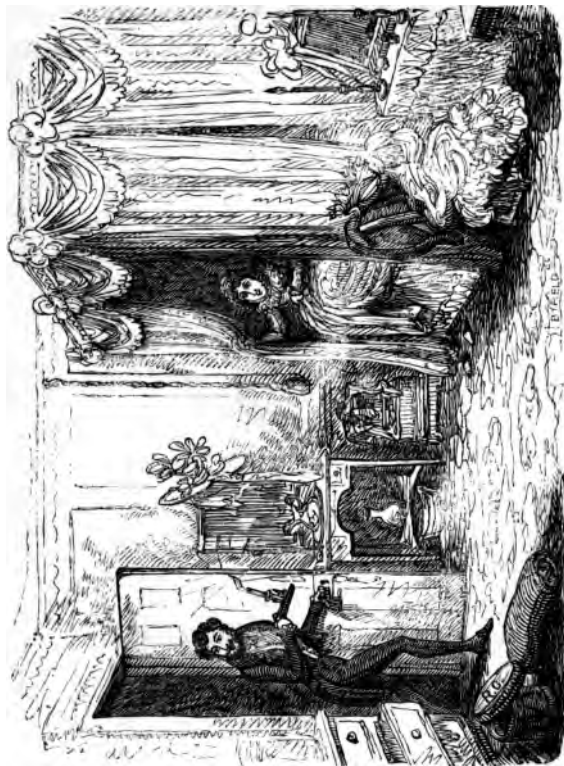
LXXIX.

In Town ! ' the words are like a knell,
To toll me back, ' I'll start !
And summon'd by yon signal bell,
Dart homèwards by the *Dart* !



BRIGHTON!!





But, ladies, use, when next you come,
The *Schwarzenburgh Hotel*."

Stanza xvii.

B R I G H T O N !!

A COMIC SKETCH.



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B R I G H T O N !!

A COMIC SKETCH.

I.

IN London not a soul you meet,
The town is sea-ward fled ;
And empty is each western street,
As Robert Owen's head ;

II.

Or, if a sight of one you get,
Who's not a Smith or Jones,
You'll think he is a pickpocket,
He sneaks so o'er the stones.

III.

E'en cits the spot a desert call,
Where London, widow'd one,
Raises her smoky parasol,
To screen her from the sun.

IV.

And all, with ails in heart or lungs,
In liver or in spine,
Rush coastward to be cured like tongues,
By dipping into brine.

V.

To 'certain age,' old age and youth,
Alike is Brighton dear;
A charming place it is in sooth,
Though not without a PIER.

VI.

And like the heartless craven brood,
O'er whom a sultan reigns,
Its men, though boasting British blood,
Yet glory in their CHAINS.

VII.

Be praise the gallant sailor's share,
Who this queer structure plann'd !
But, tell me, Captain, read you ne'er
Of one who built on *sand*?

VIII.

When, *like the toll*, the wind is high,
Your iron fabric, Brown,
Rocks so, I fear, that by and by,
'Twill, with the toll, *come down* !

IX.

So when winds rage and ocean swells,
Fair feet they should prohibit ;
For what a scene were Brighton belles,
All hanging to that gibbet !

X.

Sad *belles* ~~were they~~ should this betide,
Their ~~hopes~~ like them o'erset,
No chance of *ringing* left—beside
Getting so wringing wet.

XI.

Hail, Brighton ! seaside London, hail !
I've half a week to spare,
So I come hither to regale,
On your salt pickled air.

XII.

Amusement's here for him who craves,
For all who are not churls ;
At sea, there are such *curling waves*,
On shore, such *waving curls*.

XIII.

But female flounce and finery
My gentle spirit grieves ;
Who cannot legs of mutton buy,
Wear leg-of-mutton sleeves.

XIV.

And nought our country's sad distress,
Than this fact plainer shows,
That they, who fondest are of dress,
Are all so *short* of clothes.

XV.

Ladies with cash, no want you'll know
Of dress, silk, muslin, chintz ;
Where'er you stroll, where'er you go,
You stumble upon *flints*.

XVI.

Dear Town ! think not you'll harbour cheap,
How much soe'er you try ;
E'en they who up in garrets sleep,
Find lodgings very HIGH.

XVII.

With inns, some stylish, humbler some,
Brighton is furnish'd well ;
But, *ladies*, use, when next you come,
The *Schwartzenburgh* Hotel.*

* *The Norfolk Hotel*.—Vide Report on the Ellenborough Divorce Bill, page 44, published by J. Miller, St. James's Street.

XVIII.

Pay well, and on good things you'll dine,
They've good bread, white or brown ;
Good beer, good mutton, and good wine,
And famous fish—from *Town* !

XIX.

Mahomed, even here, O fie !
Has worshippers no few ;
And less than half a crown will buy
His heaven of *shampoo*.

XX.

And *Molyneux* partakes his fame,
And by shampooing thrives ;
I wonder if his mode's the same
As blacky's " of the Fives !"

XXI.

Then there is "*Ireland's Ground*," no bog,
And well the townsmen back it;
Great O' now can't you hither jog,
And give a help at racket?

XXII.

Cockney, think not you'll country see,
When you *dear* Brighton reach,
It has not one poor lone green tree,
It has a yellow *beach*.

XXIII.

But you the mighty ocean tide,
With all its waves shall mark;
How wide? You'll never guess how wide!
It's broader than Hyde Park.

XXIV,

How grand to gaze on ocean vast,
And think of the wild dip,
That thunder'd like the judgment blast,
At Nile or Navarin!

XXV.

In that last name some mischief lurks,
Rue, brave Sir Edward, rue,
That ever you dared beat the Turks,—
They should have beaten you!

XXVI.

And e'er again you close in fight,
E'er your ship's thunder burst,
Be sure that you are in the right,
Consult Jack C—k—r first!

XXVII.

Oh! would you'd been a dolt, Sir E.,
A traitor or a coward;
Then you'd not won a victory.
So deucedly "untoward!"

XXVIII.

And since to triumph in the fray
Was wrong, it is confess'd,
Who did the least to gain the day
Perform'd his duty best!

XXIX.

And by this rule, a rule of lead,
Original and new;
When medals were distributed,
Poor D—ck—n had *two*.

XXX.

A truce—the coaches thunder in,
Twelve inside, fifty out;
Oh, what a scene of dust and din,
Of scramble and of shout!

XXXI.

Brighton! thou man-menagerie!
Thou brick and mortar ark!
We recognise each kind in thee,
The noddie and the shark!

XXXII.

The short, the tall, the lean, the fat,
Seek bath rooms and the news,
With morning robe and planter hat,
And bilious featured shoes.

XXXIII.

Here gamesters bide in search of gold,
Here flourish swaggering whips,
Sleek chandlers here, of every mould,
May come and take their *dips*.

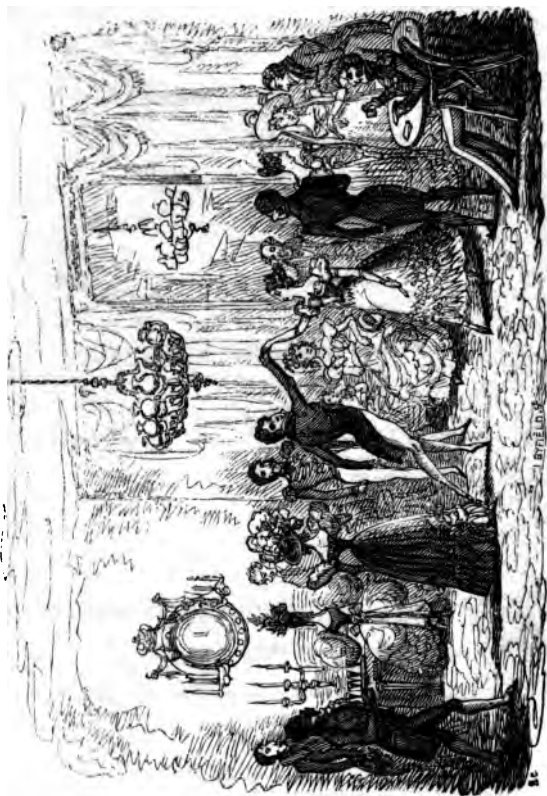
XXXIV.

Lest town their *flame* of life consume,
“ Sans peur et sans reproche,”
They leave their *grease*, to purchase *room*
Within the Brighton coach.

XXXV.

In city streets as *taper* grown,
And lean as a church rat,
Though candles here they're making none,
At least they're gaining *fut*.





XXXVI.

In *sixes*, *eights*, and *tens* they stray,
And mingle in the crush,
Let peers and baronets give way,
They do not care a *rush*!

XXXVII.

Dandies throng here of every hue,
Oh, for a Cuvier's pen!
For some look white, some black, some blue,
And some have beards like men.

XXXVIII.

Alack! to see their stupid stare,
As down the Steyne they take,—
Like things with broad cloth souls, the fair,
As fair as paint can make.

XXXIX.

Gulls, as ye are! know Brighton's sky
Roofs wiser gulls than ye,
They do not "see about the fly,"
But *fly about the sea.*

XL.

The butcher overdone with *flesh*,
Seeks here another dish;
The lawyer spreads his subtle mesh,
But only catches fish.

XLI.

The *flat*,* of course, a *dab* is he
At that; with pikelike face,
Among the craftsmen of the sea,
He takes, well pleased, his *place*.

* "Brighton produces all kinds of flat fish in abundance."—*Bayly's Topographical Sketches.*





Stanza IX.

XLII.

His thoughts to his own office run,
Fleeced widow, ruin'd *maid* ;
Sole gainer he by many a one,
Who *flounder'd* has in trade.

XLIII.

See the loquacious auctioneer,
No longer pale and wan,
His *lots* of children and his dear,
Are going—going—gone !

XLIV.

And straight he follows to the coast,
Their *biddings* quick prevail,
Upon the tiny billows tost,
He tends the *flagging sail*.

XLV.

Beware! lest in the tackle's sweep,
Your thirst marine to slake,
Knock'd down you take your last cold *sleep*
In the trim vessel's *wake*.

XLVI.

As reverend as black cloth can make,
As sleek, as sleek may be ;
The churchman ready for the *steak*,
Is looking to the *sea*.

XLVII.

The grocer, worth not half a *plum*,
Seeks health among the throng :
Afar from leather and from rum,
The cobbler *waxes strong*.

XLVIII.

Suffice it—or this limping scrawl
 Will never sure be done,—
 That all trades mingle here, and all
 Are redolent of pun.



XLIX.

Thus I abridge, for all our sakes,
 This bead-roll, ere it reaches
 The length of Yankee water-snakes,
 Or Dan O'Connell's speeches.

L.

Well, Cockney, may you drawl, "What's there?"
 'Tis the Pavilion,—see!
 The architecture's worth a stare,
 The order Cherokee!

LI.

And it displays a deal of nous,*
A *monstrous* deal of taste,
And then within the bauble house,
All is so very *chaste*.

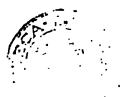
LII.

Such “ *bells* and *tassels*”—would their hap
Had been the head t’have deck’d,
Well mounted on a fitting cap
Of the sage architect.

LIII.

But to the course! speed, ladies, speed!
Leave libraries and loo;
For oh, a dreary *course*, indeed,
Would ours be without you!

* *Nous* (Greek).





STATIONER.

LIV.

Without your smooth and creamy clack,
Your smiles like sugar,—we
Should all the joys of coffee lack,
Of Souchong and Bohea.

LV.

Untempted to the dance's maze,
Around the wine, I guess,
Left all to our own hoggish ways,
We'd make a sorry *mess*!

LVI.

Your smiles outshine the sun above,
Your eyes excel the sky,
If lying be the soul of love,*
How true a lover I!

* "Lying you know's the soul of loving."—*Moore*.

LVII.

The course ! who shoots must stud and broil,
We risk limbs when we hunt ;
Angling's a tedious, lonely toil,
By brookside or in punt.

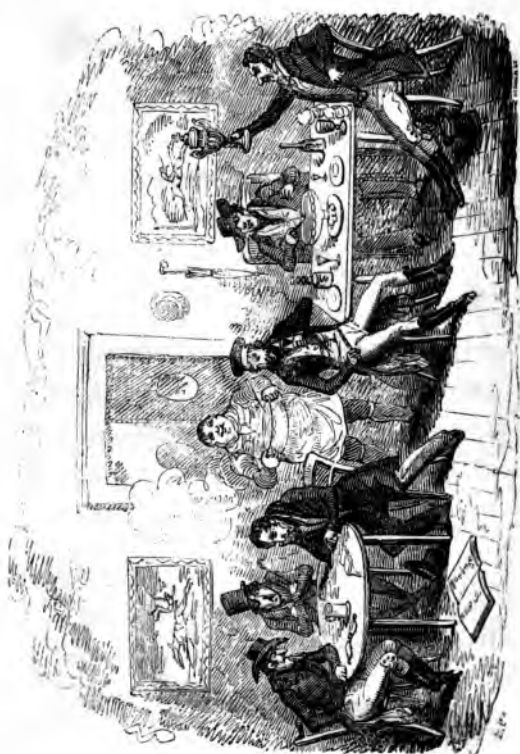
LVIII.

But who in scenes like this could mope ?
'Twill thoughts unsocial chase,
He cannot be a misanthrope,
Who's partial to the *race*.

LIX.

Behold yon group of grooms and sirs,
And peers—their faces, ruddy,
Bespeak them not philosophers,
Yet all their joy is *studdy*.





Stanza LVI.

LX.

“ All *on* the *downs* the *fleet*” are met,
Fleet as the wind and free,
But wagers lost, themselves quite wet,
Soon *in* the downs they’ll be.

LXI.

How tiresome when you’ve pooh’d and pish’d,
And look’d amazing great,
To sneak home feeling you’ve been *dish’d*,
While trying for the *plate*.

LXII.

Then ye, who not in riches roll,
Count well before you go,
Lest, haply, you should reach a goal,
With *a* before the *o*.

LXIII.

Enough ! thou place of great renown !
The *Devil* much must like,
To have so flourishing a town,
So handy to his *Dyke*.







THE
DEVIL'S VISIT;

A POEM,

FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

WITH NOTES BY A BARRISTER.



LONDON:

WILLIAM KIDD, 6, OLD BOND STREET.

MDCCCXXX.

ADVERTISEMENT.

PERHAPS it may be as well to state the cause of the *difference of metre* which occurs, occasionally, in this little Poem.—It is printed *verbatim* from the *original MS.*, which *accidentally* came into the possession of the Editor, and as he is unwilling to spoil it by mutilation, he has published it *entire*.

C. E. D.

THE
DEVIL'S VISIT.

I.

THE Devil resolved to return to earth,
To resume* his perambulation ;
For he heard that its rulers were staunch to his cause,
And it fill'd him with admiration.

II.

As he thought it prudent not to appear,
In *propria personâ*,
He took the form of his *old friend* P * * 1,
As he drew near Hyde Park Corner.

III.

To lose no time, he came to town,
One morning very early,
But great indeed was his surprise,
To meet—not a single “ *Charley*.”

* For an account of the Devil's *first* Visit, see a very clever poem, called the “ Devil's Walk.”

IV.

“ Why, where,” quoth Nick, “ are all my friends?
They every one seem gone !”
Just then stepp’d up a man in blue,
And said, “ Sir, pray walk on !”

V.

He laugh’d to see a *livery-servant*,
(For such he thought him to be,)
Assuming an air of authority ; *
So he answer’d him, “ You be *d*——.”

VI.

“ I’ll be *d*—d if I do,” said the man in a rage,
“ So come on with me, if you please ;
Our dungeon-hole shall teach you, again
To insult the New Police !”

* The insolence of these *creatures* in the exercise of their “ authority” as they term it, is now become unbearable. Numerous meetings have lately been held, in different parishes, and a resolution has been adopted to petition Sir Robert Peel on the subject. Should *he* refuse to repeal the obnoxious bill, redress will be immediately sought in a *higher* quarter, where, no doubt, it will be readily granted.





VII.

Thus saying—he shook old Nick by the collar,
But found he'd the “ Devil to pay,”
For he burnt his fingers, and while dancing with pain,
Old Nick quickly glided away.

VIII.

He stopp'd at a noted liquor shop,
Determined to take a peep,
And he thank'd the Lords of the Treasury
For making Gin so cheap.

IX.

A parson was preaching 'gainst selfishness,
But the Devil laugh'd at the bubble,
Knowing the knave had just gone to law,
To make his *own* tithes *double*.

X.

He saw a man slain for snaring game,
Quoth the Devil, “ Ere I go further,
I'll note down the wisdom of those who frame
A law to encourage murder.”

XI.

He saw some old women in juvenile masks,
But they limp'd when they tried to caper ;
Quoth he, "That's like England's crippled finance,
Made up to deceive with paper.

XII.

He look'd into the Courts of Law,
And heard men swear to lies ;
But he thought how many children he'd got,
And gave up his surprise.

XIII.

He smiled when he saw them kiss the book,
For he knew such men had thriven ;
And he thought of the hollow kiss of old,
By Judas Iscariot given.

XIV.

He went to the Hells at St. James's, and found
The name was not taken in vain ;
"Yet I've *one*," said he, "better deserving the name,
In a court in Bartholomew Lane."

XV.

The *pious* he heard were ensnaring his flocks,
 At which he was somewhat afraid,
 But he laugh'd at his fears when he found out the
 truth,
 That *their* piety was but a *trade*.

XVI.

He saw a *deep read* A*****y G*n***l,
 With a *white man* at his back,
 Who they said was his devil, as if to prove
 That the Devil's not always black.†

† To those uninitiated in the mysteries of the Law, some explanation may here be thought necessary. The duties of the A*****y G*n***l of England (an office, by the way, the utility of which is not very obvious) are so laborious, that he is obliged to entrust the '*slavery department*' to a junior barrister, who is therefore called by the profession, the "A*****y G*n***l's Devil." This office is at present held by one Mr. W**ht**n. It has always been an opinion, simple people as we are, that no office should have more duties attached to it, than the holder of that office is able to perform. A friend, however, suggests, that an exception may reasonably be made in favour of the A*****y G*n***l; "for," says he, "as the Devil is sure to have all A*****y G*n***ls, it is only fair that the A*****y

XVII.

He seem'd to be lost in a reverie,
 (For his *wig* was rather awry)
 Planning measures preparatory
 To strangle liberty.†

XVIII.

But though the Devil was fully aware
 That his projects could never succeed ;
 He yet felt loath to disturb the thoughts
 Of one of his darling breed.

G*** should have a Devil." "It is," he further observes, but "*Lex Talionis*;" or, as our hero might prefer reading it, "*Lex Talonis*;" if we might be allowed (in the legal way) to latinize an English word for the occasion.

† The recent crusade of a whig A*****y G*** against the liberty of the press, will not speedily be forgotten, nor easily forgiven. It is difficult to say which is the more detestable—the atrocious attempt to stifle the expression of sentiments hostile to men in power, or the base sacrifice of whig principles made by the degraded instruments of a military cabinet. Either is sufficient to consign the perpetrator to everlasting infamy; but when united, language fails in the attempt, to describe the scorn and hatred with which he must be viewed. The *scarlet* lady herself cannot have been guilty of baser prostitution.

XIX.

Alexander* next he went to see,
 And found him quite dejected ;
 “ Cheer up,” said Nick, “ *your* foes shall be
 With *me*—ere they expect it.

XX.

“ Though *friends* of mine, I'll not forget,
 To give to each his due,
 Sc**l*tt is ‘ *booked*’ beyond reprieve ;
 W**l*ng**n *soon* shall rue.

XXI.

“ But, as he's steady† to my cause,
 And brings grist to my mill,
 Bad policy 'twould be in me
Just now to do him ill.

* Mr. Alexander, the editor of the Morning Journal, who, for having honestly dared to speak his sentiments (‘ Truth is a libel!’), was first heavily *fined*, and *then* thrown into prison !!

† This alludes, no doubt, to THE *letter* lately sent by a *certain personage* to the French government, urging them to pursue *that* policy which deprived France of a king, and sent many thousand souls to their ‘ long home’ when they least expected it !!

XXII.

“ His *goodly* course he will pursue,
Following all that's *evil*,
And when he falls, drag all his tools
Down headlong to the Devil.”

XXIII.

One day as our Hero was strolling along,
Attended by two pretty lasses,
He saw, as he pass'd through Harley Street,
A number of geese and asses.

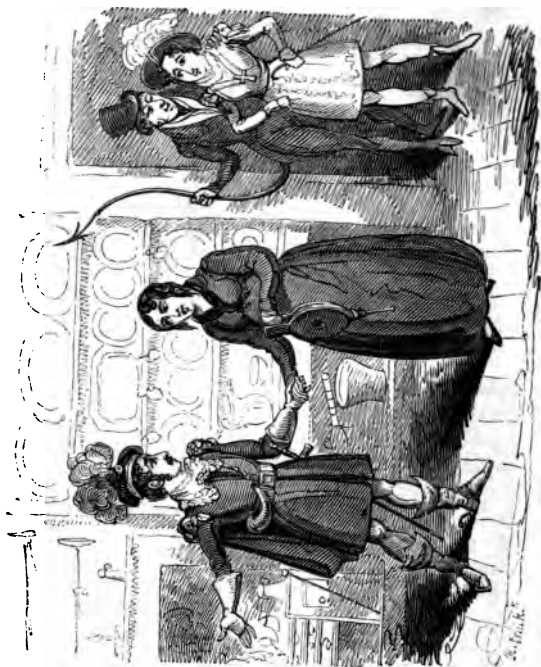
XXIV.

He laughed aloud, and it made him so ill,
That his sides were ready to crack,
For he found that all these geese were in search
Of a newly discover'd *Quack*!!*

XXV.

Quoth Nick, “ How these asses march on to inhale
(To lengthen their ears) a new system,
They hasten along with *Cash-in* their hand,
Thinking nobody can resist 'em.”

* Mr. St. J***n L*ng, about whom, and his patient Miss C*sh*n, there has lately been so much talk.



Stanza xxx.



XXVI.

He went to a tavern * in Lincoln's-inn-fields,
(The proprietor's name was Cuff)
Where he heard fools prating of slavery,
Till their hearers cried, " Hold ! enough !"

XXVII.

He smiled at their inconsistency,
For they all began to shout,
And when poor Hunt stood up to speak,
They all cried, " Turn him out !" †

* The Freemason's Tavern, Great Queen Street.

† It is a positive fact, that when Mr. Hunt rose to address the Anti-Slavery Meeting, held at the Freemason's Tavern, in May last, he was *hooted* and treated in a most *disgraceful* manner. It was not until Mr. Brougham rose to order, saying, "*he hoped*, he was addressing a *rational* assembly," &c. that *any thing like* a hearing could be obtained for Mr. Hunt ; who, when he *did* speak, spoke more to the purpose than any of those persons who had preceded him. So powerful were his arguments, and so convincing his remarks, that all were, for some moments, silent ; but being galled by the *truths* advanced by Mr. Hunt, they prevented him from proceeding by deafening shouts of,—"*Off!*" "*Off!*" &c. So much for the moderation of the *Christian* advocates of *Anti-Slavery* !! For a more detailed account of this meeting, see a very clever article headed, " Anti-Slavery Society," in *Frazer's Magazine*, No. 5.

XXVIII.

This plainly proved how *good* their cause,
 And fill'd Nick's heart with glee;
 "Poor fools," quoth he, "you'll *better* know,
 When you reside with *me*."

XXIX.

He saw a young spinster with look most demure,
 In a methodist congregation,
 Who popp'd in at eve, to a cottage close by,
 To keep a snug assignation.

XXX.

Madame V**tr*s he spoke to behind the scenes,
 Who joyfully argued the fate on,
 Of a vocalist ranking† her sister in sin,
 Lady L*nn*x, *alias* Miss P*t*n.

* It is much to be regretted, that the *private* character of an actor or actress should ever be permitted to interfere with their *public* performances. The actress in question has for many years been, and deservedly so, a very great favourite with the public; why then should *she* be singled out (for there are many far more notorious female actresses), and driven from the stage, in consequence of malicious reports, industriously circulated by her secret enemies, most of which





XXXI.

Though 'twas but in whispers that C. K****e
spake,

Nick heard what the cunning rogue prated :
“ I've palm'd off my girl as Melpomene's Queen,
And for **shadow* with *substance* am sated.”

reports have no foundation in truth, and which, it could be proved, were *first* maliciously set on foot by those who were bound, by every sacred tie, to succour and protect her? So long as she fulfils her engagements to the public, they can have no cause for complaint; and should she return to London to resume her professional duties the ensuing season, she will, doubtless, find a very powerful body of friends, who, knowing her to be an *injured woman*, will protect her from insult, and encourage her in the discharge of her public duties.

* Our hero is rather too severe in applying the word “ *shadow*,” to the performance of this young lady; if it be *shadow*, we trust it may be the “ shadow of good things to come.” That she is too apt to seek applause, by what are vulgarly called “ Clap Traps,” and that her acting is far too studied to be *natural*, we will allow; but let us hope that time will effect great improvements. *She* is not to be blamed half so much as the London public who applauded *all* she said, and *all* she did, without a why or a wherefore. Such *injudicious* applause would spoil the cleverest young actress that ever appeared. Her late general reception in the *Provinces* will prove a more salutary lesson for her, than all the *flattery* of her friends.

XXXII.

Cried Satan to Lee, "Have a care, for you know
The rock that all managers split on ;"
Quoth Lee, "D—n the Thespians, to jail I'll not go,
Half payment's* the plan I have hit on."

XXXIII.

In the Parliament House he felt quite at home,
As if in his own possessions ;
For they gull their victims with words of hope,
While they torture with fresh oppressions.

* Mr. Lee, the present proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre, has wisely resolved on doing away with the "Starring System" altogether, and intends making a very considerable reduction in the salaries of the performers. Our *first rate* actors will now receive a less sum *per week* than was lately given to Mr. Kean for *one night's* performance. How *grateful* this gentleman feels, for past favours, may be gathered from the following paragraph, copied from the *Sunday Times* of September 5th,—“Surely it was a *little* unfair on the part of Mr. Kean, towards his magnificent benefactors—the public—at the *very time* he was soliciting their aid and assistance in favour of a *farewell benefit*, previous to his departure for America, to *apply to the lessees of Drury Lane Theatre*, offering to engage himself to perform *forty nights at that theatre*, the ensuing season, for *fifty guineas a night !!!*”

XXXIV.

He met six free-born Englishmen,
 Harness'd like beasts of draught,
So he whistled "*Rule Britannia*,"
 Then flourish'd his tale and laugh'd.

XXXV.

The Devil was musing one day in a Row,
 When he form'd in his mind an opinion,
That the houses contain'd nothing else but his imps,
 While the area was his own dominion.

XXXVI.

With feelings *paternal*, he sigh'd, "They are mine,
 So, as babes, all their acts I will foster;"
When lo! looking up, at the corner he spied
 The words, ever famed, *Pater Noster*.

XXXVII.

His nose then uptwisting and curling his tail,
 Strutting proud as the Hector of Homer;
He said, " 'Tis a lie! this is Acheron's Row,
 Pater Noster—a cheat—a misnomer."

XXXVIII.

He sped from the City enraged, and ne'er stopp'd
 Till he found that his course was impeded,
 By numberless bales in *New Burlington Street*,
 H**ry C*lb**n's—whom nobody heeded.

XXXIX.

Of course he was anxious to know the contents,
 So he asked—but stared like a Gorgon,
 When told that they were the “Stock left on hand
 Of the Works of my Lady Morgan.”*

* It would seem that his *Satanic Majesty* is here enjoying a joke at the expense of a well-known ‘*puffing*’ publisher, for in most of the daily and weekly papers the following notice has from time to time appeared :

“LADY MORGAN’S WORKS *at Half-price*.

“In consequence of the large number of copies of Lady Morgan’s Works remaining on hand, they will in future be sold at the following reduced prices :—”

There may not appear, *at first sight*, any thing very extraordinary in this advertisement ; but, when it is stated that her Ladyship offered her *new work* for publication to a rival house—the *object* of the foregoing advertisement will be very easily divined.

XL.

He spied a diminutive fellow hard by,
On whose features were legibly *printed*
The characteristics of meanness complete,
While his carcase appeared as if stinted.

XLI.

Each arm bore a bundle—so, eager to learn
Their contents; Nick found cut from diurnals,
By hundreds of thousands, *side puffs*, and *direct*,
Which for *years* had fill'd columns of journals.

XLII.

With look quite significant, Satan observed,
“ All sense, sure, these English are lacking,
Or ne'er would the public be choused of their pelf
By such *impudent*, *mountebank* quacking.”

XLIII.

Next he enter'd the Horse Guards, where all was
affright,
A command having come from head-quarter,
Directing the *shavers* to *lather* outright,
And to spare neither *whiskers* nor water.

XLIV.

Old Nick shook his sides with rude laughter to see
The French cooks kick'd out of their places ;
"The *shavers*," he cried, "will demand *triple* fee
To lather and smooth such *long* faces."

XLV.

He heard the fourth William, while humming the
tune
Of the Storm—mutter these words that follow :
"The tempest will freshen, and ministry hacks,
Greedy wolves—hear the royal view hollow."—

XLVI.

Once he went to attend a review in the Park,
When (the troops being about to-disband)
He saw a *great Duke* bow and *cringe* to the king,
Who, THOUGH LOATHING IT, held out his hand.

XLVII.

Says the Devil, "These fêtes set John Bull nearly
They come in such rapid rotation ; [mad
But the *sweater* will be, when the piper is paid,
For the cost of the Grand Coronation."





XLVIII.

While conning at Peel's every print of the day,
 Nick saw, for ensuing elections, [dried,
 By scores, choice advertisements, neat ' cut and
 Scope affording for cogent reflections.

XLIX.

Like sheep in their pens, the constituents all,
 Bought and sold, boasted *liberties* barter,
 And then d—n the Commons who tax them to pay
 For the fees that impounded their charter.

L.

That Peers, who their seats claim from father to son,
 Are patriots, Nick found, is certain; [cern'd
 For *self* they cry " *Aye*," but when *interest's* con-
 Solemn " *No*" on the scene drops the curtain.

LI.

Conclusions thus drawn, Satan chanced to turn
 round,
 When Will C*bb*tt appeared—mob addressing;
 Who, *modest* enough, ask'd a seat in the House,
 His plea, in these words, *humbly* pressing.

LII.

“ You know I'm the man for your money, my lads,
 Freedom's pillar of granite—Odd zounds !
 Return *me*, stump *each* but a bob, my brave boys,
 A flea-bite are ten thousand pounds !”

LIII.

Great Lucifer mingling with grandees one night,
 Overheard many females of fashion, [wear)
 (Whose fames appear'd somewhat the worse for long
 Surmise—if the Queen had compassion.

LIV.

“ Your Grace,” said a Marchioness, “ smells of
 the boards,
 While tales of a banker they dwell on ;”
 Her Grace made reply, “ And your Ladyship's hoards,
 Have made character, seedy as MELON.”

LV.

“ But shall we be countenanc'd !” cried one and all,
 “ By a Queen acting prim and demurely ?”
 “ If *none* be admitted,” quoth Nick, “ but the *chaste*,
 Her Majesty's court will go *poorly*.”

While lounging one day along Catherine Street,
His *Highness* was seized with the vapours ;
Beholding the type of himself at the door
Of a shop, where they vend Sunday Papers.

He cross'd o'er the street, and with whisk of the tail,
Bowling, ask'd—" Don't you know your own
brother?" [must be I,
" By my *Age*," exclaim'd W*****tt, " you
Since one is the stamp of the other."

“ Why surely,” said Nick, “ you’re the same little
man
That sold *Captain G**th* and his *letters*,
And who squeezed a **fat Duchess* to make her
disgorge ;
Your motto, ‘ *I’ll work all my betters.*’ ”

* It would seem that the "*jat Duchess*" has 'disgorged,' as it is a long time since she was '*squeezed*' in the print alluded to.

LIX.

"And you," quoth the Man of the Age, "as I live,
Are my idol; so, come—shake hands—hearty!"
"You're a trump, by my soul," answer'd Nick,
"here's my arm,
Let's off to a *tête à tête* party."

LX.

Law, Physic, Divinity, State and the Court,
Each range by the Devil inspected;
The *Army*, the *Navy*, *Trade*, *Merchant*, and *poor*,
Proved that Virtue for Vice was neglected.

LXI.

Then, lashing his tail, like a tiger in cage,
From the ball of St. Paul's eyeing London;
"Myself and my legions," cried Nick, "are more
pure [done."
Than this race—though we're all d—d and un-

LXII.

He thought that from thence he would visit the
Parks,
In hopes to see something more pleasant;
But a rumour that reach'd him as thither he went,
Quite alter'd his route for the present.





500000 1.8111.

LXIII.

For hearing his *most devoted friend*,
Was about to depart from earth,
He quickly flew home, for in case of his *death*,
He knew he *must* find him a BERTH.



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Whether 'tis better to proceed by steam,
Or shape our course by land."—*Manuscript.*



Second Edition.

LONDON :

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MDCCCXXX.



PREFACE.



PUNNING is now the order of the day. Nobility and mobility, all are punsters. Seldom do we con over the columns of a daily paper, or take a peep at the contents of a periodical or magazine, without seeing some sprightly witicism from my Lord N——, or a naïve and lively bon-mot from the Duke of ——. Even the most favorite novel-writers are not altogether free from this punning mania; and we find one of the heroes of the authors of “Pel-

ham," in his interesting history of the "Dis-owned," desiring Mrs. Coperass not to be in a *stew*, because the doctors say that *coperass* in a *stew* is poison. The "Whims and Oddities," the "Epping Hunt," and the "Comic Annual," are "chefs-d'œuvre" in their way; and while we look upon Cruikshank as the most amusing caricaturist, we cannot but consider the humorous Thomas Hood as the reigning punster. It is only in humble imitation of this great master that the following little Poem is presented to the Public.

February 26, 1830.

STEAMERS, *v.* STAGES;

OR,

ANDREW AND HIS SPOUSE.

AN AQUATIC EXCURSION BY STEAM.

I.

I WANT a name—a name to give my tale,

For nameless narratives will not be read :

Books, by their titles, now succeed or fail ;

And every *tale* should have a fitting *head*.

II.

List then—the *title* of my Book shall be,
Not *Sir*, nor yet *My Lord*, but an “Aquatic
Trip” to a place that borders on the sea,
But borders not on aught aristocratic.

III.

The hero of my *story*, which is *true*,
Was a free-mason of uncommon merits,
Who kept the Mason’s Arms ; and there were few
More *spirited* than he in selling *spirits*.

IV.

Andrew I wot, for so his name was spelt,
Was born (but this perchance you have surmised)
In London town :—in Adam Street he dwelt,
Which all Eve’s sons have not *M^tAdamized*.





As scaling, love impell'd, a lofty wall,
One luckless night, he fell, in vast alarm :
But caught a beam, and haply *broke his fall,*
For which his fall retorting, *broke his arm.*

V.

As scaling, love impell'd, a lofty wall,
One luckless night, he fell, in vast alarm ;
But caught a beam, and haply *broke* his fall,
For which his fall retorting, *broke* his arm.

VI.

What chances may befall none may foretell ;
All are the sport of destiny unknown ;
Thus Andrew kept the "*Mason's Arms*" full well,
But was not able to preserve his *own*.

VII.

Still he was not discouraged, even although
His love had so unluckily began ;
But taking soon a chance of joy or woe
In Hymen's lottery, *Andrew* drew forth *Ann*.

VIII.

Quiet they lived, and happily, 'tis said,
From all domestic strife and discord far;
Andrew laid down the *Law*, and Ann obey'd,
For he, she knew, was bred up to the *Bar*.

IX.

Indeed the Publican and Lawyer here
Have a profession now, which seldom fails;
This gains a livelihood by selling *beer*,
And that his fee, by other people's *ails* (ales).

X.

Quoth Andrew to his wife one summer's day :
“ My dear, if you approve, I have a scheme,
To take a trip while all the world are gay,
To Margate, love, and we can go by *Steam*.





She thought they should, like Fanny Kemble, go,
Or, like the Elephant, upon the stage.

XI.

My honest cousin John, who is, you know,
A quiet kind of lad, and free from sin,
Has kindly promis'd, if we like to go,
While we are *out*, to take care of the *Inn*."

XII.

She liked his project much, but did not know
That steam was then the order of the age ;
She thought they should, like Fanny Kemble, go,
Or, like the Elephant, upon the *stage*.

XIII.

Here Andrew differ'd from his quiet spouse,
Mild as she was, and gentle as he thought her ;
Said he, " The *steam*, as every one allows,
Impels one far more quickly through the *water*."

XIV.

“ But if the boiler burst, which much I fear,
Then we, and all the rest, in air are blown.”
Quoth Andrew, “ No ; if that should hap, my dear,
Instead of going *up*, we shall go *down*.”

XV.

“ Really, my love,” said Ann, “ with joke and pun
You draw such scenes as surely never man drew ;
And are in fact so *merry* with your fun,
That I should take you for a *Merry Andrew*.”

XVI.

Now Ann still said and thought, the stage indeed
By far the best and safest plan did seem ;
But Andrew rais'd his voice, so she agreed
That they through water should proceed by *steam*.





And so he fill'd his glass with Bacchus' then,
 And told the Boy to fill his pipe with tobacco.

XVII.

Now Andrew was, as every one allow'd,
Right merry in his way, and lov'd a joke :
“ Give me my pipe,” cried he, in accents loud ;
“ We’ve had enough of *steam*, I’ll take a *smoke*.”

XVIII.

He liked his wine too, like most other men,
(At Port or Sherry how his lips would smack O !)
And so he fill’d his glass with *Bacchus* then,
And told the Boy to fill his pipe with *bacco*.

XIX.

Now by the water-side (a noted part)
A tavern stands, which men have christen’d “Ship ;”
And hence ’twas needful that our friends should start,
The following day, for their intended trip.

XX.

Therefore, when Sol had risen, so had they ;
For they were early, like the sun, and steady :
And when the steamboat came beside the quay,
Andrew, his luggage, and his wife, were ready.

XXI.

They'd left the Mason's Arms and cousin John ;
(A worthy cousin he, they knew his merits,)
Who could not cease to grieve, since they were gone,
Nor, as the casks were low, keep up his *spirits*.

XXII.

The hour had now arrived, and all was life :
The waiter said the packet was afloat ;
The bills were paid, and Andrew and his wife
Now left the *Ship*, and hasten'd to the *boat*.



The bills were paid, and Andrew and his wife
Now left the ship, and hastened to the boat.



XXIII.

They'd no idea of such a crowd i'fecks !

When they embark'd, for no one yet had told 'em ;
There were three hundred people on the decks,
The cabin and the *hold* would hardly *hold* 'em.

XXIV.

The vessel started soon—her every chink

Fill'd up with luggage, women, boys, and men ;
Swiftly she cut the spray, you cannot think
What *whey* (way) she made upon the water then.

XXV.

Ah, Master Andrew ! you could not divine

The woe of sailing when the wind's not *aft* ;
Or you'd have been more *crafty*, I opine,
Than ever to have enter'd *sach* a *craft*.

XXXII.

A cat and dog, like man and wife, just so—
Were growling; Pincher seized on pussy's neck,
Puss gave a scream, and running from below,
Took up her *quarters*, on the *quarter* deck.

XXXIII.

Two men were arguing, with wooden legs,
No doubt each thought the other was mistaken :
The cabin boy let fall a plate of *eggs*
And broke them all, although he saved his *bacon*.

XXXIV.

“ Les deux extrêmes touchent : ” that is to say,
That noblemen were there as well as rabble ;
Turkeys and pigs, which chatter'd in their way,
The former “ grunt,” the latter “ gabble, gabble.”



The cabin boy let fall a plate of eggs
And broke them all, although he saved his bacon.



XXXV.

Mark me, good reader, I would not confound
Rabble with pigs, nor turkeys with a peer ;
No doubt there is much difference *above ground*,
And much resemblance too,—but this seems queer.

XXXVI.

There were some ladies as it often haps,
Both plebeian and patrician—high and low—
And Andrew thought that many set their *caps*
At the young men, in hopes to catch a *beau*.

XXXVII.

There were some *butcher's* daughters, wondrous proud
Of their sweet persons ; (pride I must condemn)
Who once or twice were heard to say aloud,
That nothing in the ship was *meet* for them.

XXXVIII.

There was a man who ran away from Bridewell,
And now seem'd really seeking for a Bride ;
For having laid his hand upon his side well,
He vow'd himself in love with Miss Bytide.

XXXIX.

Now Miss Bytide thought it *betided* well,
When Mr. Jaylor's tender speech begun ;
She did not know, for there were none to tell,
How late her Jaylor from the *jail* had run.

XL.

And so she listened with a tender smile ; she,
While he was in ecstasies, seem'd in glory ;
He vow'd, and vow'd, and in that little while, he
Her pocket pick'd—she pocketed his story.

XLI.

There was a sailor's widow, passing fair,
Her husband had been fam'd for gallant deeds,
But died at Navarino ; she was there,
Like an ill-cultur'd garden, deck'd in *weeds*.

XLII.

It happen'd that her husband's name was Sprat,
Now she was "*embonpoint*," and Mr. Malmon,
A would-be wit, remark'd when he heard that,
That Master Sprat had fish'd, and caught a *salmon*.

XLIII.

Now the good vessel, keeping on her way,
Had one effect on Andrew and his wife ;
Who were, not sick to death, as some would say—
But sick enough to make them sick of life.

XLIV.

A young West Indian, who that morn would eat
A pound of ginger, and some Guava jelly;
Was now quite sorry, and declar'd the sweet
Would not be quiet in his little belly.

XLV.

My Lord George A. could not resist the battery
Of wind and wave, but with a pallid cheek,
He threw up—*molens volens*—all the flattery
His Lordship swallow'd in the previous week.

XLVI.

The music play'd, and those who upon land
Would *gallop hard* regardless of their necks,
No sooner heard, than, joining hand in hand,
They danced a *galopade* upon the decks.

XLVII.

All this to Andrew and his Spouse, I trow,
Was novelty—and yet it had no charms,
For both, before the night, were heard to vow,
They wish'd they had not left the Mason's Arms.

XLVIII.

Close to the rails they stood—and you might see
Their notions of delight began to waver ;
When Andrew's wife fell over in the sea,
And might have drown'd ; but Andrew shouted,
“ Save her !”

XLIX.

Perhaps you think he jump'd into the water ;
No, gentle reader, no ; that would not do :
You might have done so for a wife or daughter,
But *you* are *one*, and *you* and *Andrew*, *two*.

L.

But some one seeing that he was no lover
Of aught save eating, drinking, and his life,
Came close behind the man and push'd him over,
With "Don't you see, you brute, go save your wife."

LI.

Just at the time a little vessel pass'd,
(Andrew had caught his wife)—it was the Percy;
The captain thought it best to put about,
And take them in, for they were crying mercy.

LII.

The steam-boat kept her way without a sail;
The steaming smoke ascended to the clouds;
The other masts were then of no avail;
But stood like dead men's corpses in their *shrouds*.

LIII.

The ship sail'd on, although the wind was bad,
Margate they made, the crew cried "That's your
sort!"

The band struck up a tune, the rest were glad
As tipplers would be, to get at the *Port*.

LIV.

But Andrew and his Spouse, just as they were
About to sink, and thought that they were undone,
Got safe on board the Percy—wind was fair,
And the tight schooner sail'd away for London.

LV.

She soon arrived, of time there was no loss,
The sailors row'd them quickly to the land;
And now, five miles at least from *Charing Cross*,
Stood Andrew and his Spouse upon the *strand*.

LVI.

They hasten'd home, for home had many charms :
Thither they went, and none could well go faster ;
For Andrew knew full well the Mason's *Arms*
Were always *open* to receive their master.

LVII.

They'd *seen* enough of *sea* ; and their immersion
In the *salt* wave had *pickled* them so well,
They never made another sea excursion ;
And therefore I've but little more to tell.

LVIII.

From that day forth, when Andrew and his wife
Disputed, which was often it would seem,
His spouse replied, " Remember, pray, my life,
That 'tis not always best *to go by steam.*"

LIX.

My tale is done.—About a week ago,
When passing through the City, I heard tell
That “ Andrew and his Spouse ” were dead, and so
Bow bell was tolling for this *Beau and Belle*.

MORAL.

Hereafter then, whene’er we need advice
About a journey to the East or West ;
We must obey our spouses in a trice,
And *always do* what *they* imagine best.



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That it in golden letters should be set
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